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I FEEL I'M GROWING AULD, GUDE WIFE.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude wife—
I feel I'm growing auld;
My steps are frail, my een are bleared,
My pow is unco bauld.
I've seen the snaws o' fourscore years
O'er hill and meadow fa',
And, hinnie! were it no for you,
I'd gladly slip awa'.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude wife—
I feel I'm growing auld;
Frae youth to age I've kept warm
The love that ne'er turned cauld.
I canna bear the dreary thocht
That we maun sindered be;
There's naething binds my poor auld heart
To earth, gude wife, but thee.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude wife—
I feel I'm growing auld;
Life seems to me a wintry waste,
The very sun feels cauld.
Of worldly friens ye've been to me
Among them all the best;
Now, I'll lay down my weary head,
Gude wife, and be at rest.

THE WHITE GIPSY;

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XL.—CONTINUED.

"That is not the knock of a friend," he said.

Wentworth rose.

"I will answer the summons," he cried. "Let me go down into the hall."

He moved towards the door.

"Stay," said Sir Mordaunt; "let me go, rather. Who knows that your safety may not also be compromised." At this moment a servant knocked and entered.

"Mr. Jasper Hawke," he said, "desires to see Sir Mordaunt."

The baronet at once quitted the room. He knew the name by the receipt given for rent; the would-be tenant had given his name J. Hawke. Jasper stood in the dining room, with his hat complacently in hand.

"Good evening, Sir Mordaunt," he said, as the baronet entered; "good evening."

The baronet received him stiffly, bowing, and motioning him to a seat.

"I am sorry," said Jasper Hawke, with an air of condolence, "very sorry to say that I have come upon unpleasant business."

"Have you, indeed," answered Sir Mordaunt, languidly. "Have you come to say that you cannot take Rosemary Cottage?"

"That is the minor part of my business," he said; "the taking of the house is now unnecessary."

"Indeed! Have you, then, found that the ghost is a myth?"

"No; we have found that the ghost is far too substantial."

"It is useless to talk to me in enigmas," said Sir Mordaunt. "If you have anything to say, say it quickly, as my time is precious."

I will, then, speak plainly," cried Jasper Hawke. "It is suspected, upon good evidence, that you are harboring a rebel."

"A rebel!"

"Yes; it is so."

"Well; that is strange!" returned the baronet. "We have had no rebellion here for nearly two hundred years, so that if a rebel be here, he must be a mummy."

Jasper was nettled. He for once had his match.

"Understand me well," cried he. "You are concealing in this house, as you have been concealing in Rosemary Cottage, your son, who is a condemned rebel, who was head of the Walsingham riots, and who ought now to have expiated his crime upon the scaffold."

Sir Mordaunt grew a trifling degree paler. But he restrained his anger. Jasper was foiled. He had anticipated that, by speaking harshly of Bamfylde, he would rouse his father's anger, and thus discover some clue to his whereabouts.

"Sir," said Sir Mordaunt, "I had a son once, whom I had spent a life in discovering. If I *had* discovered him, depend upon it, I should not deliver him to any one, even if I had to clear out the moat of my castle, and defend it against the king's forces."

In spite of himself, Jasper could not help admiring the old man, who talked like one of the feudal barons of old.

"Well, Sir Mordaunt," he said, as he rose, "you refuse to give me any information respecting your son?"

"I refuse to entertain your questions in any way, because I do not see your right to ask them."

"I am a solicitor, Sir Mordaunt," returned Jasper, majestically. "I am entrusted with the discovery of Bamfylde, commonly called the White Gipsy, who has escaped from Lithroe Gaol. I believe him to be in this house."

"And pray, may I ask why?"

"Because I have succeeded in identifying him with your son."

Again the pallor overspread the baronet's features. But that was not all.

"Well," he said, "and what do you require of me?"

"I require you to deliver him up to me at once."

The baronet rose.

"I should be doing wrong to detain you longer," said he. "There is no rebel in my house, and if there were, I would not violate a sanctuary."

"Very well, then," returned Jasper Hawke. "I shall see that the house is well surrounded by the police, and all those going out and in watched. In four days I trust to have authority from the government to search the house."

"Authority, or no authority," cried the baronet, "I will allow my house to be searched by no one to whom I do not choose to permit entrance. So I will say good evening, as some friends are even now expecting me among them."

The result of this interview was anything but satisfactory. It proved that, whether from private spite or public enmity, a surveillance had been instituted. From whom it originated, it was almost impossible to discover; for if the baronet had asked any questions, it would at once have proved that there existed an alarm in his mind. Bamfylde was less perturbed about himself than about his father.

"My dear father," he said, "Fate has, I think, ordained that I am either to be in trouble myself, or be engaged in bringing trouble to others. I very much fear that my residence in this house will entail upon you disastrous consequences."

The baronet grasped his hand affectionately.

"My son," he said, "rest assured that you will entail no evil results upon me. Besides, even if there was danger, why should I not incur it? Am I not your father? I have a plan, however. You must leave England at once, as I said before."

"But when and how?" cried Alice, as she gazed in alarm from the face of her young husband to the faces of her father and Sir Mordaunt. "I will not, cannot leave him!"

"No, my dear child," said the baronet; "no; I do not propose that you should leave him. You may accompany him; but you must leave the details to me."

Wentworth smiled.

"I know your plan, my brother," he exclaimed. "I shall be able materially to assist you. I would advise your commencing at once."

The baronet rose.

"Good evening, my children," he said; "good evening, my brother. Before morning, I fancy I shall have laid a train which will upset all their plans."

CHAPTER XLI.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

Issuing by a back door, and creeping along by the walls of the ancient portion of the castle, Sir Mordaunt Carew made his way to the wooden house on the cliff. He was so disguised that scarcely a soul would have known him. He had changed his own attire, and had put on the livery of a serving man. Strong in his love for the child he had so lately found, and so successfully rescued from the cruel hands of the law, he would have gone through any degradation—he would have waded through fire and water to have preserved his life. He had good reason to believe that Simon Shapcott would do all in his power to help him. In addition to the present he had made them of the ground upon which the cottage was situated, he had never omitted forwarding to the Shapcotts a five-pound note upon the occasion of the birth of a child; and when one of the little girls was ill, he sent to them his family doctor. This was not an isolated instance of Sir Mordaunt's benevolence, because his name was well known on the countryside as the name of one who was a never-failing friend to the poor and unhappy. Making his way along the dark cliff, Sir Mordaunt, apparently unnoticed, reached that point of the rocks where the path led down to the wooden house. The door was opened by Maria, who stared in a bewildered manner at the man in livery. The baronet pushed his way in, and shut the door behind him.

"Simon," he said, approaching the fisherman, who, sitting by the fire, had taken the pipe from his mouth, and was now having a good look at the intruder. "Simon, don't you know me?"

"No, dang me if I do!" he cried.

"I am Sir Mordaunt Carew," returned the baronet. "I am here in disguise, because I am surrounded by my enemies. Can Maria listen without, and see that no one approaches who can overhear our conversation?"

The bewildered woman dropped a low courtesy, and went out. There was only one spot where any one could stand near the cottage and listen, and here Maria posted herself. From this point she could see the sands below, and the cliffs above; and there was, therefore, no chance of an approaching eavesdropper.

"Simon," said Sir Mordaunt Carew, as soon as he was alone with the fisherman, "Simon, I have a claim to make upon your gratitude."

"And main glad I shall be to do anything, sir," returned Simon.

"Listen, then. I have in my house a friend who is in danger of arrest, and whom I have sworn to protect. It is through you that I must save him."

"Then you may depend on me, sir," said the fisherman, sturdily.

"I wish my friend to go over to the French coast," continued the baronet; "and if my friend goes by the ordinary sailing vessel, he is liable to discovery. Have you a boat, Simon, in which you could trust yourself across the channel?"

Simon eyed his benefactor curiously.

"Well, sir," he said, "I have but one boat, the Laughing Nelly; and me and my mate have weathered many a storm. For your sake, Sir Mordaunt, I will do it, but it will be a risk to us all."

Sir Mordaunt shook his head gloomily.

"That cannot be helped," he said. "My friend must run the risk, and his wife also."

Simon started back.

"Wife!" he cried. "There aint no conveniences for a lady."

"The lady must be content to put up with inconveniences," said Sir Mordaunt. "That is not your business, Simon. They will thank and bless you for the passage, if there is but a plank to sit on. The question only is, Simon, will you do this for me?"

"I will, Sir Mordaunt. When is it to be?"

"That cannot yet be decided," said the baronet. "You must promise me that whenever I give the word, you will be ready to go to sea."

"I promise."

The worthy Simon Shapcott, when he gave this promise, had no idea of reward. All he thought of was, that Sir Mordaunt had been the benefactor who had never failed him in trouble; and his honest heart determined that he would be no less a friend to the one who had aided him. The baronet, however, had no such idea.

He took the fisherman's hard and brawny hand in his.

"You are a worthy fellow," he said, "and a brave and honest friend. The hour that you return to me in England, and tell me that my friends are safely landed in France, I will place in your hands two hundred pounds."

The fisherman eyed him dubiously. There was a strange sensation in his throat, as if some one were choking him. Two hundred pounds! The sum seemed fabulous. He had never seen so much, and the idea of possessing it, and being able to expend it as he liked, quite overpowered him for a moment. Then the honest heart remembered how much Sir Mordaunt had done for him, and he discarded the notion of receiving any benefit whatever.

"I shan't accept anything, Sir Mordaunt," he said: "you've been kind to me and mine, and it's only my duty to do something for you and yours. So we won't talk of reward, sir, if you please."

"Nonsense, my good man," cried the Baronet; "my delight at the escape of my friends will be such, that my whole fortune could not be too much to pay for it. Therefore we will consider it agreed. I believe that the attempt will have to be made to-morrow night."

He rose, shook the hand of the fisherman, and opening the door, told the half-perished woman to enter and warm herself.

"I have been asking your husband," he said, "to render me a service. It is a perilous service, too; but if you object to it, send word to the Castle, for I would have no woman's husband peril himself for me if she objected."

He raised the woman's hand gallantly to his lips, courteously as if she had been a dame at Court, and quitted the cottage. The moon was now up, and both sea and country were flooded with the silver beams of the goddess. It was so light, that you could see objects for many hundred yards before you; and there, ahead of him, Sir Mordaunt could see a man's figure standing out strongly against the bright sky. There was nothing exactly peculiar or alarming in seeing a man in such a spot at such an hour; yet, oppressed with a weary weight of care and fear as he was, the Baronet was unable to repress a feeling of uneasiness. The figure was motionless, and was to all appearance looking towards the sea. Sir Mordaunt approached. The figure then turned abruptly round, and he saw it was Jasper Hawk.

"Good evening," said Jasper, courteously. "Has your master been out to-night?"

It will be remembered that Sir Mordaunt was dressed in a servant's livery, and the thieves' lawyer mistook him, accordingly, for one of the domestics.

"I believe he has remained at home all this evening," returned Sir Mordaunt, quickly.

He saw the man's scheme, and resolved to foil him, as he had done before.

"And last night—was he then at home, or absent? Don't be afraid to tell me—I am a friend of the family. Here is a sovereign, by way of earnest."

Sir Mordaunt took the coin and placed it in his pocket.

"No: last night," he said, as if musing. "Let me see! Last night he and the Colonel went to Ashtree to see a friend."

"Who is this friend?"

"Some young gentleman—some relation in trouble, I believe," said the Baronet.

"I am on the scent," thought Jasper.

"Indeed!" he said. "Where is Ashtree?"

"About five miles distant."

"And do you know when he goes thither again?"

"To-morrow night, I believe."

"Thank you. You do not know the name of this person at Ashtree, I presume?"

"I do not, sir. Shall I tell Sir Mordaunt that I met you?"

"Thank you—no—it will be unnecessary. I will myself call upon him. Good night!"

And so saying, Jasper Hawk walked off in a contrary direction.

"I have put the fellow on a wrong scent now," thought Sir Mordaunt: "to-morrow the attempt must be made."

To-morrow came and passed. Towards evening Wentworth had an interview with his brother.

"What you told me last night," he said, "enables me to propose to you a plan of operations, which can hardly fail."

"What is that?"

"Last night, in the furtherance of your design, you adopted the disguise of a man-servant. You must adopt it again. I had intended to have aided you in this myself, but it is now unnecessary. When you have disguised yourself, I propose that you go out and look about for this Jasper Hawk. When you find him, draw him on one side, and propose to enter with him into a conspiracy to deliver Bamfylde up to justice."

Wentworth then minutely explained his plan, and the Baronet, after pressing his hand in speechless gratitude, left the room. Another half-hour saw him issue from the house by one door, as Alice issued forth from another. He was not long in finding Jasper Hawk, who, true to his dog-like spirit of watchfulness, was pacing up and down opposite the principal entrance. There was now not a single point of egress which could be used by any one without being observed by one of the sentinels; for Jasper Hawk had established a complete blockade, and drawn a living *cordon* round the Castle. He saw Sir Mordaunt approaching, and recognising him as the serving-man with whom he had conversed on the previous night, he at once addressed him.

"Good evening?" he said. "Is the Baronet gone to Ashtree yet?"

The disguised Baronet placed his finger to his lips.

"Hush!" he said, in a low voice. "Let us not be overheard. Let us move away quietly to some spot where you can still watch the door, but where I shall not be observed."

They walked a little distance and stopped beneath a clump of trees.

"What is it you have to say to me?" asked Jasper in some surprise.

"You are seeking Bamfylde Carew?"

"I am. What then?"

"Have you any money?"

Jasper chuckled.

"I hope so," he said. "Why?"

"Because, if you have a mind to reward me, I can give him into your hands."

"Good! If you do so you shall be amply paid. When can you do this?"

"To-night."

Jasper's heart leaped. Not that he had any personal enmity against the persecuted man; but he always loved to be successful.

"You are a worthy fellow; but tell me your plan."

"I cannot personally do this, as my duties keep me at home this evening; and, if I were out, my absence would be missed. I can introduce you, however, to a fellow servant, who will do equally well."

"Can you trust him?"

"Oh, certainly! there's no doubt about him. We both heard to-day all about the matter; and my friend said to me, 'Henry,' said he, 'if that man that is watching this house will do the right thing, why we can give this man up to him.'"

"Is he in the Castle, then?"

"No; at Ashtree. Sir Mordaunt is not going to Ashtree to-night, but is going to send a letter to his son by Thomas, who will show you where to find the one you seek. But it must be quite understood that as two persons are engaged in the affair, the reward must be a large one."

"How much do you want?"

"Fifty pounds!"

Jasper felt uneasy. The man asked a large sum. What if Constance refused to pay it? He resolved to temporise. How he would have despised himself had he known how he was being duped! How he, the thieves' lawyer, the renowned Jasper Hawk, who was a mystery and a wonder to all who knew him, was being quietly overreached by a country gentleman, strong in his feeling of justice, and in the love for his child—a love which no time, and no storms can destroy.

"Well," he said, laughingly; "I will give you ten pounds on account; that will seal the bargain. How soon shall I see your friend?"

"In the course of an hour, I have no doubt. Sir Mordaunt was writing the letter when I came out. Keep watch by this door, and you will see him come forth."

"How shall I know him?"

"He is an older man than I am, and walks with difficulty. You will know him because he will walk up to you and speak."

Sir Mordaunt then left him and walked back to the Castle. Jasper waited impatiently. Presently the clock struck ten, and as it did so the door was opened. An old man, dressed in the livery of the Carews, came tottering out. He had a small parcel under his arm, and walked with his back slightly bent. He came straight up to Jasper, and in a voice tremulous with age, said, "Follow me for a few minutes at the distance of a yard or so. They may see us, and suspect something, if we proceed together."

He then went slowly on. This man who walked thus boldly into the very midst of the enemies of Bamfylde Carew, was Bamfylde Carew himself.

CHAPTER XLII.

ON THE ROAD TO ASHTREE.

"The old man will be all night on his journey," muttered Jasper Hawk, as the young heir to the Carews tottered along in disguise. "I fear, my friend," he added aloud, "that we shall be some time ere we reach Ashtree, and a storm seems brewing."

Bamfylde started. Could it be so? A storm brewing, and they had to cross the sea that night! Not that he feared for himself. He, indeed, was prepared to brave any danger, but she, who had never ventured upon the sea, how would she be able to sustain the terrors of the perilous deep? He turned towards his questioner.

"Sir," he said, "I see no evidences of a storm: but, however, if there be one coming, we shall have arrived at Ashtree long before it bursts over us. I can walk faster if you wish."

So saying, he stepped out more quickly.

"Have you seen Mr. Carew—Bamfylde Carew?" asked Jasper Hawk, as he hastened along by the side of the supposed domestic.

"Yes, I have seen him."

"What is he like?"

"Like most men of his race—tall, well-looking, brave and generous."

This eulogy was scarcely what Jasper Hawk wished for. What he wanted was a portrait by which he might identify him.

"No," he said, "that is not exactly what I require. I wish to know what are his features, what is his height, and so on, that I may know him when I see him."

"That I cannot give you," returned Bamfylde. "I have not taken sufficient notice of him to enable me to paint his portrait even in words."

For a time there was silence. The wind blew keenly from the north, driving down from the hills, and sweeping over the cliffs upon the stormy sea, lashing the waves into fury, and hurling them with an angry swell along the shore. Bamfylde quickened his pace. For a time he forgot how necessary it was to keep up the character of the old serving man. He knew only that, as regarded Jasper Hawk and the exigencies of the moment, he was man to man, and nothing should prevent his joining Alice at the wooden house on the cliff.

"You walk well, my friend," said Jasper Hawk, in surprise, but quite without suspicion as to the identity of his companion.

Bamfylde smiled.

"Yes, I walk well," he answered, "very well, no doubt, for my age; but remember, the air of the sea is invigorating, and keeps us alive and strong, as it were, until the very moment before death."

They had now approached a point where, on one side, the road sloped down towards Ashtree, and, on the other, towards the sea. On the one hand was a long declivity, green at the summit, and then passing over rocks and lumps of chalk down the shingle. On the other, was the winding, gravelly road, conducting to the village. Between these two roads was a dell—a deep, tangled dell—where crimes might long lie hid. A deep dell, where the rays of the sun and the moon never played. A dell where you might have hidden away from the world for months, and never have been seen. As they reached this dell, Bamfylde slackened his pace.

"There is danger here," he said. "Many persons have lost their footing near this spot, and been precipitated down into this cavity, among the ooze and the brushwood."

"Shall I assist you?" said Jasper.

"Thank you, no," returned Bamfylde. "I know the locality better than you."

Hardly had the words left his lips, when there was a sharp cry—a heavy fall—the crashing of tangled branches—and Bamfylde disappeared among the brushwood from the eyes of Jasper Hawk. For a moment he was too surprised to speak. What was to be done? How, amid the dense darkness of that night—a darkness only dissipated from moment to moment by the flashes of the violet lightning—could he assist the old man out of his dilemma?

Amid the compassion which he felt, there was also a feeling of annoyance. A plan which to him—ignorant as he was of the real circumstances—appeared to have every likelihood of success, was about to fail through a trifling accident.

"Deuce take the old man's folly!" he cried. "If it had not been for his absurd wilfulness, I might have been saved this annoyance!"

Hawk was a brave man; and, pushing aside the brushwood, he knelt down and cried out, "Ho, there! Tell me whereabouts you are, and I will come down and rescue you!"

There was no answer. Bamfylde had spoken of a deep fall, and the thick ooze at the bottom, which might choke the unfortunate traveller whose feet strayed thither. Could he have been drowned? Or was he lying there insensible? Swinging himself down by one of the stronger branches, he found himself quickly at the bottom, which was not more, in reality, than a few feet from the surface.

Here, truly, he discovered the thick mud and slime of which Bamfylde had spoken, but of the body of a man, either living or dead, there was no trace. Bewildered and alarmed, Jasper Hawk uttered a loud curse. What could this mean? The mud was not of so slight a consistency as to allow a body to sink away from sight beneath it. Besides, the tangled shrubbery rendered the very idea of such a thing absurd. And yet could this, after all, have been premeditated?

Could it have been a plan and not an accident? It was intensely vexatious to the mind of the thieves' lawyer to entertain such a notion for a moment. But yet he found himself under the disagreeable necessity of doing so. With muttered imprecations, therefore, he scrambled to the surface of the ground again, and gazed around him. On one side was the dark country, as I have said; and a little distance from the point where he stood he could perceive the lights disappearing in the village of Ashtree one by one.

On the other, boiled and tossed, and heaved the mighty sea, illumined each moment into awful grandeur, as the jagged lightning plunged down into the boiling waves. Jasper Hawk felt bewildered and exasperated. What was he to do? Was he to return discomfited to Mrs. Constance le Morneaut, and acknowledge his defeat? or was he to wander about in the dark night, searching after a man who knew the locality far better than himself? Suddenly, as he was about to turn back towards the Castle, he fancied that, amid the lull of the waves, he distinguished the sound of men's voices. It seemed to proceed from the shingle beneath the cliffs. Jasper Hawk approached the edge, and lying down, glanced over. A sight of beauty met his view. Just below the cliffs where he was perched there was a little bay, which had been rendered deep and straight by art as well as by nature. In this bay now lay a fisherman's smack, tossed, even in this haven of safety, by the swell of the great sea without. Around it were a swarm, as it seemed, of men holding torches, and engaged in a variety of occupations, all of which were puzzles to Jasper Hawk.

"Whom have we here?" cried he, as he gazed in admiration at the scene below—the stormy sea, the struggling craft, the foaming bay, brightened into crimson wavelets by the torchlight. "Smugglers, I presume. By the aid of some of them, perhaps, I may find the fugitive, or his body. Certain I am that he did not make his escape across the country; so if he be any where, he must be hiding among the rocks."

In a few moments he had discovered the pathway which led from the cliff side, and which, by a winding route, conducted him to the wooden house of the Shapcotts. Meanwhile, Bamfylde Carew, who, as our readers have already guessed, had swung himself down from the tree purposely, scrambled along the bottom of the dell and emerged upon the other side. Thence he drew himself along in the darkness on his hands and knees until he reached the little path, and then, with a quick step, he rushed down towards the little house. Alice was there before him, and it was with a sinking of the heart that poor Mrs. Shapcott saw her enter. As she closed the door behind her trembling visitor she glanced at her husband.

Simon Shapcott was not slow in interpreting that look. It said more plainly than even words could have expressed it, "Can it be possible, my husband, they will take you out in this storm?" It spoke more plainly than words, because it told of an undying love—a wife's, a mother's fears—a world of wretchedness pent up within a bosom whose gratitude for past kindnesses yet forbade it to rebel against the imperilling of all most dear to it. The fisherman saw all her eyes conveyed, but his mind was made up.

He rose, and said cheerfully, "So you have come in spite of the storm, Miss Alice—I beg pardon, Mrs. Carew, I mean?"

"Yes, Mr. Shapcott," she cried, tremblingly; "but will it be possible to cross to-night?"

"Well, ma'am, it will be a rough passage; but, please heaven, we'll weather it through."

Alice's words had sent a thrill of pleasure through the breast of Mrs. Shapcott. It seemed to give a ray of hope that the journey would be postponed. Simon saw it. He took her aside.

"Maria," he said, "you must not forget the past. Leastwise, we ought to be grateful to them as has served us. Look at that little girl in yonder room, lass; and when you have asked yourself who saved her life, why then ask yourself whether I ought to be hiding myself, out of

JAMES ROBINSON—THE GREAT EQUESTRIAN. (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

arm's way, when I'm wanted? The Laughing Nelly has weathered many such storm as this; and, please heaven, she'll do it again!" TO BE CONTINUED.

CRICKET.

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Matches Arranged.

AUG. 10.—Manhattan vs. Satellite, second elevens, return game.
15 and 16.—New York, first eleven, vs. Unknown, return game, at Newark.
18.—(Proposed.) New York, third eleven, vs. Satellite, second eleven, return game, at Williamsburgh.
24.—(Proposed.) New York vs. St. George, second elevens, return game, at Bedford.
SEPT. —New York, second eleven, vs. Bronxville, return game, at Bronxville.
—New York, first eleven, vs. Philadelphia, return game, at Philadelphia.

HANOVER vs. YOUNG AMERICA.—The return match between these cricket clubs of Hanover, Ct., was played on the 22d and 23d ult., and resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Hanoverians, as will be seen by the following score:—

HANOVER.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Burniss c and b Berkenshaw	3		
Barker c Clayton b Berk'nshw	5		
Bowers run out	16	run out	18
Bullus b Berkenshaw	45	not out	60
Wyness b Lingard	2	b Berkenshaw	0
Hill run out	0	not out	6
Thompson b Lingard	3		
Hall b Lingard	11		
Hallam b Lingard	3	b Lingard	7
Griswold b Berkenshaw	3		
Billam not out	0		
Byes 3, wides 15	18	Byes 4, wides 6	10
Total	109	Total	101

YOUNG AMERICA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Wharton c Hall b Furniss	0	b Bullus	0
Wilkins b Wyness	28	c Billam b Bullus	0
Berkenshaw b Bullus	0	st Thompson b Bullus	2
Clayton b Thompson	2	not out	17
Temporal b Bullus	9	b Bullus	0
Holmes run out	1	c Thompson b Bullus	2
Roberts run out	3	run out	1
Parker b Bullus	1	b Bullus	2
Lingard b Bullus	4	b Bullus	0
Buxton b Bullus	1	c Hall b Bullus	2
Wright not out	3	b Hill	3
Byes 2, wides 6	8	Bye 1, leg bye 1, wides 3	5
Total	60	Total	35

Umpires—Messrs. Heaton and Watkins.

MANHATTAN vs. NEW YORK.—The third eleven of the New York Club and the second of the Manhattan played a match together at Bedford, on Aug. 1st, the result of which was a victory for the Manhattan Club by the appended score:—

MANHATTAN CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Franklin b Burt	0	c Burt b Hall	6
Olmstead b Burt	2	b Burt	0
Simpson l b w b Burt	12	l b w b Burt	20
Seabring c and b Weaving	4	b Burt	30
Weston c and b Weaving	1	c Crossley b Hall	7
Liversey b Burt	3	c Neff b Hall	5
Simms c Hall b Weaving	5	st White b Hall	0
S. Tucker c Neff b Weaving	9	b Weaving	0
Love b Burt	1	not out	7
De Wilde run out	0	b Neff	30
Bishop run out	2	st White b Hall	2
Byes	9	Byes	2
Total	48	Total	109

NEW YORK CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Hall b Seabring	6	b Liversey	34
Weaving run out	11	b De Wilde	2
Neff b De Wilde	7	c Seabring b Liversey	17
T. Crossley run out	2	run out	0
Robb l b w b Seabring	0	b Liversey	0
Knott not out	16	l b w b Liversey	0
Burt b Liversey	4	c Olmstead b Simms	0
White b De Wilde	1	not out	3
Tweedy b Liversey	2	b Simms	0
Tripler b Liversey	0	run out	0
Husson b Liversey	0	b Simms	5
Byes 3, leg bye 1	4	Leg byes	2
Total	53	Total	63

Umpires—Messrs. Tucker and Tyler.

NEW YORK vs. WILLOW.—The first of the annual matches between these clubs took place at Bedford on August 4th, the result being the success of the New Yorkers. The Willows were minus the services of Pearce, Torrance, Strachan, and Andrews, while the New Yorkers were prevented from having either Crossley, Hammond, or Sadler, they being barred. The game was not a very interesting one, save in the fine display of batting shown by Higham, Byron, and North. We append the score:—

NEW YORK—First Innings.

Hudson run out	2	Stewart c C Gisborne b Lindsay	6
Snydam b North	1	Miller, c Sleigh b C Stokes	7
Marsh b North	0	Bailliere b C Stokes	0
Higham c C Gisborne b Lindsay	58	Hall not out	0
Draper b Lindsay	5	Byes 21, wides 14, leg byes 4	39
Byron b Johns	18	Total	148
Sharp c Johns b Waters	7		

WILLOW.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
C Gisborne run out	0	b Draper	8
Waters b Marsh	0		
Lindsay b Bailliere	2	not out	10
C Stokes b Bailliere	0	b Marsh	1
North run out	0	not out	23
Graves not out	0	ht wkt b Marsh	0
Sleigh run out	6	l b w b Marsh	0
Johns l b w b Bailliere	1	b Marsh	4
H Gisborne b Bailliere	10		
Dodsworth c Steward b Bailliere	1		
McKenzie b Bailliere	0	c Steward b Miller	1
Byes 11, leg bye 1, wides 4	16	Byes 4, leg bye 1, wides 6	11
Total	36	Total	67

The above was the result when stumps were drawn, and seeing they had no chance to save a defeat in one innings, the Willows gave up the ball.

BOSTON vs. BRAINTREE.—A cricket match was played between these clubs on the 4th inst., on the grounds of the former at East Cambridge, Mass., which Boston won by 14 runs. The totals were Boston 75 and 99; Braintree 61 and 53, with six wickets to fall. The game was decided by the first innings. Cushman, of the Boston club, appears to have exhibited most skill both with bat and ball.

CRICKET AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Washington cricket club played a match on the 4th inst., on the grounds south of the President's house. Wickets were pitched at 12½ o'clock, and sides chosen by Messrs. Barlow and Tanfield. The game was decided by the first innings, the totals of which were as follows:

Tanfield's Side.—*1st Innings*—Tanfield, run out, 24; Woodley, b E. H. Hall, 7; De Courcey, b Barlow, 35; W. H. Hall, c Jansen, 5; Fry, c Hineline, b Barlow, 4; Kelly, s Taylor, b Hall, 2; Norris, b Barlow, 3; Wainwright, s Taylor, 0; Stacey, not out, 1; byes, 14; wides 5. Total 100.

Barlow's Side.—*1st Innings*—Barlow, run out, 4; Taylor, b W. Hall, 16; Jansen, b De Courcey, 10; E. H. Hall, not out, 16; Helen, c Norris, b Woodley, 2; Hineline, b Woodley, 5; Goddard, b Woodley, 3; Bulger, b Woodley, 0; Durkin, b Woodley, 0; byes, 9; wides, 4. Total 69.

FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS.

GOODWOOD RACES would occupy four days, commencing on July 28th, and closing on the 29th. The latest betting on the two principal events, viz., for the Stakes and Cup, are according to the following quotations:—

Goodwood Stakes—Thalestris, Weaver, 2 to 1 (t and off); Stanton, W. Scott, 10 to 1 (t f); Canzonette, Pryor, 100 to 8 (t); Blondin, King-land, 100 to 8 (t); Fisherman's Daughter, Stevens, 100 to 8 (t); Guillaume le Taciturne, in France, 100 to 7 (t); The Tartar, Elliott, 20 to 1 (t).

Goodwood Cup.—Dollar, in France, 5 to 1 (t); Scottish Chief, M. Dawson, 5 to 1 (off).

A GREAT ARISTOCRATIC SHOOTING HANDICAP, as it is termed, took place at Hornsey Wood on July 16, for a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, £1 forfeit, the competition being limited to peers, members of Parliament, etc. There were eighty-three entries on the card, and nine post entries, of whom sixty-eight shot. There were 960 birds let out of the trap, of which 156 were killed and 104 were lost, a large proportion of the latter, however, being severely wounded, and many falling dead directly they cleared the bounds. The prizes were—first, £200 and a pair of handsome kettle-drum silver-gilt cups; second, £90; and third £50.

There were ties for each prize, the shooting off of which resulted as follows:—

Ties for First Prize.—Captain Richardo, 1 1. First Prize, £200 and the Cup. Hon. R. Hill, 1 0; Sir G. Jenkinson, 1 0; Lord Andover, 1 0; Lord Stormont, 0.

Ties for Second Prize.—Hon. R. Hill, 1. Second Prize, £90; Sir G. Jenkinson, 0; Lord Andover, 0.

Ties for Third Prize.—Sir G. Jenkinson, 1. Third Prize, £50. Lord Andover, 0.

TROTTING IN ENGLAND.—Mr. J. Ede's chestnut pony Polly Perkins, 12½ hands 1½in., and Mr. Hook's black pony Blink Bonny, 13 hands 1in., met on the Coventry-road, near Yardley, on July 15th, to test their merits in a two miles spin, for 20 sovs, Polly being ridden by Mr. Grey, an eleven-stone man, and Blink Bonny by her owner. The course was from the fifth mile stone to the sixth, outwards and back. Mr. King, of Birmingham, being agreed on mutually as referee, the competitors got on their marks, and at seven o'clock were despatched. Blink Bonny quickly took the lead, which she kept some quarter of a mile, when Polly came up with her, and a game struggle ensued for half a mile, when Polly went to the front, and gradually drawing away, went in an easy winner by eighty yards. Some money changed hands at 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on the loser.

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Barlow's Side.—*1st Innings*—Barlow, run out, 4; Taylor, b W. Hall, 16; Jansen, b De Courcey, 10; E. H. Hall, not out, 16; Helen, c Norris, b Woodley, 2; Hineline, b Woodley, 5; Goddard, b Woodley, 3; Bulger, b Woodley, 0; Durkin, b Woodley, 0; byes, 9; wides, 4. Total 69.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

FRED. B. W., Army of the Potomac.—1. Thirty seconds is the time allowed between each round in a prize fight, and if after "Time" has been called and either man fails to respond after ten seconds more, (making forty seconds in all) he should lose the fight according to a strict interpretation of the rules of the ring. 2. A foul blow is when one man hits another below the belt; gouging, kicking, and biting are also foul; spitting in a man's face, although a cowardly, despicable habit, is not foul, or rather there is no law to that effect. 3. The lady was born in Boston, April 16, 1840; she has been married some time. 4. John C. Heenan has retired from the ring, and Joe Coburn is not misnamed by being called the Champion of America. 5. The popular feeling of the North is in favor of Gen. McClellan for our next President, in which the CLIPPER *corps* heartily join.

DOMINO, Boston.—1. Dick & Fitzgerald, of 18 Ann street, can furnish you with the books. 2. Messrs. Connor & Co. are agents for professional people only, and not for amateurs. 3. The stage manager has charge of the entire department of the stage at 444. 4. The salary of a song and dance man varies from $10 to $20. 5. See answer to your third question. 6. Always address the manager. 7. We cannot decide as to who is the best song and dance man in the business. 8. James Wambold is a very clever performer on the banjo, but he is not the best in the country. 9. Dan Bryant is considered one of the best comedians in the burnt cork business.

WHIST, Louisville.—"1. A and B are at nine points and have seven tricks. C and D have two cards each that they have not played, three of which are honors. Do these honors count or not? 2. Has your opponent a right to look at your tricks after they have been gathered up?".....1. As tricks count before honors in such a case, and A and B have the odd trick, they won, and C and D's honors were of no value to them. 2. No player is allowed to look at the tricks taken up, except the last; unless there have been revokes. In the latter case, your opponent may make thorough investigation of your hand.

S. S., Bridgeport.—1. It is not easy to execute a recoil shot; to do it well requires great skill and much practice. In attempting it, let your cue come in contact with the ball below the centre, quickly and with a light hand. Practical examples are worth more than pages of written instruction. Visit the Connecticut Tournament next week, and see for yourself how the experts execute a "recoil." 2. We prefer 2⅜ inch balls. 3. A 14 or 15 oz. cue is preferred by many. 4. Billiards as an exercise is first-rate, and is adapted to almost all weathers and both sexes.

E. S. Augusta.—The overland route to California from St. Louis, is *via* St. Joseph, Atchison, Fort Kearney, Overland City, St. Vrain's Fort, Fort Halleck, Salt Lake City, past Sulphur and Hot Springs to Sacramento. To Oregon City the route is identical with that to Sacramento as far as Overland City, where it branches off to Fort Laramie, City of Roses, Old Fort Wallachia down Columbia river to Oregon City. There are a number of other minor stopping places, but the above are enough to indicate the respective routes. Reference to a map will fill up the blanks.

VERDE, Memphis, Tenn.—1. We cannot say positively, but we think the parties are disposed to deal on the square. We will call their attention to the matter. In the meantime you might write them again, when probably they will rectify the mistake. 2. At cribbage, deuce, tray and ace played in that order constitute a sequence of three. Another ace played immediately after the one above stated, would count as a pair only. 3. When the last card makes thirty-one, the player only takes two points for it.

LITTLE BAY MARE, Southboro, Mass.—1. When Flora Temple made her best time, 2:19¾, it was in a race against Honest Ance and Princess, on the Kalamazoo, Mich. Course, on the 15th of October, 1859, Flora winning in three straight heats, the best time being made in the last heat. 2. In a match, Ethan Allen and running mate against Flora Temple, the former made a mile in 2:19¾. 3. Flora's best time was made in harness. 4. The track at Kalamazoo is a full mile.

SOLO, Cincinnati.—We can find no fault with either the grammatical or logical construction of the stanzas. It is understood that the party addressed is there present, so that on taking his or her departure to follow would be quite possible, although he or she might come to a halt; at all events, greater latitude is always allowed in poetry than in prose.

EARNEST, Harrisburg.—You say you intend making Philadelphia your future home. Our advice then is to enter the Arch or Walnut street theatres as utility man, and work your way along gradually. At the same time you might be taking lessons in elocution from Mr. J. B. Roberts, who lives in Philadelphia, and does a little in that business.

S. C. G., Peekskill.—1. C and A being 62 each, and B's ball going into the pocket from his own shot, put them both out, and he (B) should have paid for the game, the understanding about playing the hundred to the contrary notwithstanding. 2. Ward's five miles in 35 min. 10 secs. is his and the best time made here for that distance.

BOB.—1. Both parties could count forfeitures from going into the pocket, if that is the purport of your query, which is very obscurely stated. 2. The highest count at the full game in billiards has been claimed by so many, that it is difficult to state to whom the honor belongs.

SCROGGINS, Montreal, C. E.—Rob Travers, the Black, never beat Mace; it was Mace who licked Travers; they fought in two rings, the first on Feb. 21, 1860, 6r. 21m., when the police interfered; and the second, Feb. 22, 57r, 91m., Travers falling without a blow.

WAX THREAD MACHINE.—"1. A and B are throwing first raffles—A throws eight, B throws three deuces. Which wins? 2. Will three aces beat eighteen; if not, what will they beat?".....1. B wins. 2. Three aces do not beat 18, which takes three sixes, and beats every thing.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. We know of no generally recognised "best;" opinions differ very much even among the most competent judges. 2. He does not live with his wife; has not lived with her for ten or twelve years. 3. We never tried them, although some of the parties are personally known to us.

P. D., City Point, Va.—Such a remark is said to have been made by a rebel General, but we have been unable to trace it to any reliable authority, and it as likely as not that it was the invention of some "newspaper correspondent" anxious to make his letter spicy.

A YOUNG SPORT, Boston.—The Boston Theatre will seat about 3000 persons, and for beauty will take rank with any theatre in the country. The Academy of Music, Philadelphia, (Opera House) is thought to be the best building of the kind in the country.

M. V., U. S. S. Princeton, Philadelphia.—The increase does not effect your subscription. The money sent will make your time on our books that much the longer, at present rates. The former contract holds good as when made.

MILTON, 9th Army Corps.—We do not see why they charge so much; they are sold to first hands here for 6¾, and to retailers for 7 cents per copy, as you may see by our price list. The retail price is 10 cents.

H. J. H., Columbus, Nebraska.—1. Nothing to be had of Mace but *cartes de visite*, and we shall therefore return your $2.50. 2. Coburn's picture shall be sent by express. 3. Your first subscription expires with No. 20 of the present volume.

EQUESTRIAN, Hyde Park.—1. Robinson & Howes' Circus will not visit Boston this season. 2. Stone, Rosston & Co.'s show intend "showing up" there shortly.

ALF. H., Bridesburg.—Mr. J. B. Roberts, tragedian, whose address you will find in another part of this paper, has the MSS. of the play, and he might sell you a copy of it.

MCGUFFIN, Albany.—"Does a person betting odds in wine necessarily lose the bet on that account?".....Certainly not. Such used to be a bar-room practice, but it is long since exploded.

W. S. M., Springfield.—1. Have more matter of that kind on hand than we know what to do with. 2. If received, the letter must have been advertised.

LOOKOUT, Chattanooga.—Flora Temple's quickest time in trotting a mile is 2:19¾. The performance took place on the track at Kalamazoo, Mich.

CAPT. A. E. P., Chicago.—The best authenticated time from New York to Liverpool is nine days, one hour, and thirty minutes, by the Persia.

OLD READER, Boston.—The last we heard of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thompson they were playing with Addis, at the Leavenworth, Kansas Theatre.

HAMILTON, Philadelphia.—"In cricketing, if A bowls a ball against D, and D is declared out leg before wicket, does A receive credit for that wicket in the analysis of his bowling?".....Yes.

J. H., Worcester, Mass.—We can send you a fine colored lithograph of Joe Coburn in fighting attitude for $1.50; plain ditto, $1.

W. W.—The ace counts with the deuce and tray, but not with king and queen, in a sequence at cribbage.

C. W., Great National Circus.—You will find the route of the Seth Howe's Circus and the Melville Show in our circus summary.

J. S., Pittsburgh.—Parties advertise in our columns to furnish such articles.

VIRGINIA, Angola, Ind.—You will find the whereabouts of the circus company you inquire after in our circus summary.

CONSTANT READER, Milwaukee.—Belle of Saratoga never trotted in public in 2:22.

WM. C., San Francisco, Cal.—Letter and photo of Bill Davis received.

MARTIN JORDAN.—Two dollars and fifty cents more will be the price to complete the present volume of the CLIPPER.

G. S., Philadelphia.—The letters you refer to never came to hand. We shall be glad to have those reminiscences.

IRISH EMIGRANT.—Barney Williams was engaged at Barnum's Museum in April, 1844.

TAGLIONI.—Fanny Ellsler arrived in this country May 3, 1840, by the Great Western, accompanied by Chevalier Wikoff.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, New Haven.—See our music hall summary for the whereabouts of Mr. Hernandez.

P. O. M., Brooklyn.—1. About 182 lbs. 2. The last fight between Mace and King lasted 38 minutes, and King won.

OLYMPIC, Lowell, Mass.—Harry Reed ran half a mile in 1m. 58 secs., in England.

BLUE DEVIL.—The celebrated trotting horse Flora Temple is not dead.

RELIGIOUS.—Perhaps Mr. Butler, 3 Peck Slip, will attend to it for you.

SMITH, James River, Va.—Con Orem never licked Patsey Marley in the prize ring; they fought a draw.

LIEUT. M. E. D.—The letter was not for you, being incorrectly advertised.

WHITE BUCKLEY.—Will endeavor to give you the desired information in our next.

QUAKER.—Inquire of John Mullen, Ann street; the price runs from $100 to $250, according to the finish.

ROBERT, Troy.—The "second wife" is entitled to her thirds.

TOM BRIGGS.—We have a letter for you.

FLEETFOOT, St. John, N. B.—Practice is the only oil used.

J. T. C., Station F, 8th Avenue, N. Y.—Fifty cents each insertion.

INQUIRER.—The price of "Fistiana" has risen to $9.25.

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S RECALL DEMANDED BY THE PEOPLE.

The recent second invasion of the State of Pennsylvania by the rebels, notwithstanding the warnings which the administration had received, has at last aroused the long continued forbearance of the people, who now demand the recall of their idolised military commander, General George B. McClellan, to active service and the command of the defences of Washington. They viewed with silent indignation the success of the machinations of his political enemies in the administration, which after persistently thwarting him at every step in his onward march of victory to Richmond, at last culminated in his total deprivation of command. They regarded with feelings of increased admiration and respect, the noble conduct of the maligned chieftain, who, refusing to reply to the thousand petty attacks upon his patriotism and military skill, preserved amid the storm of abuse and invective which was raised against him by interested foes, a dignified silence. Content to leave to his countrymen and to posterity the verdict upon his conduct and motives, he has calmly and patiently bided his time, and the time has at length arrived which he had always foreseen, when the wisdom of his military policy and the purity of his motives have been established by the process of events. Men of all political parties, including many even of those who were once most bitterly opposed to him, are now uniting in the demand upon the administration for his recall to active duty in the field. The recent raids upon Washington have shown more clearly than ever, the helplessness of the government. With the rebel foe almost at the very gates of the capital, they were found too deeply engaged in plots and schemes for the coming presidential campaign and their own individual aggrandisement, to provide for the common safety, and were compelled to call upon the people for assistance in the emergency. Wearied at length of such repeated taxes upon their patriotism, they now demand with a unanimity of expression that will take no denial, that the defences of the capital be committed to the guardianship of a soldier whose name alone will be the rallying point for thousands of veterans who would flock to the standard and serve under the command of the general who has so often led them to victory. Gen. Grant himself has repeatedly urged his re-appointment to active service, for none knows better than the hero of Vicksburg the splendid military abilities of the victor of Antietam. Discarding all personal feelings of political rivalry, and yielding gracefully to the expressed wish of the people, the President should recall Gen. Geo. B. McClellan to the field, and appoint him to the command of the military defences of the capital.

SEE HERE.

IN last week's CLIPPER appeared a full report of a series of Base Ball matches played in Philadelphia, in the course of which our reporter commented very freely upon the reprehensible conduct of a member of one of the Philadelphia clubs. On the 2d inst., our reporter went to Newark to report a match between the Mutual and Eureka Club, at the close of which the Philadelphian who had been so severely scored approached, and, after a few words about the pen lashing he had received, made threats of personal chastisement against our representative should his name be made use of again. We regret exceedingly that anything of the kind should have transpired, but we regret still more that the Philadelphian should have given cause for the remarks made concerning him. Our reporters have instructions from us to comment freely and fairly on all matters coming within the scope of their respective departments, to do so in the most impartial manner, and to be as correct as possible in all particulars. In making the remarks concerning the party alluded to at the Philadelphia match, we have every reason to believe that our representative did but his duty. If the party referred to felt aggrieved, or considered himself misrepresented, we should have given him the free use of our columns to set himself right had he desired it; but he seems to have selected another mode of righting himself, by threatening our reporter with personal chastisement; we advise him not to attempt it, however; once he crosses that line, we hand his case over to the tender mercies of our "fighting editor," whose *forte* it is to attend to all belligerent matters of that kind, and who has his muscular agents and detectives scattered in all the principal cities and towns in the North. We rarely have occasion to call upon our fighting editor's reserves, but when any of our *corps* are attacked in the manner indicated, somebody is sure to be hurt afterwards. We hope this hint will be sufficient.

SARATOGA.—This celebrated watering place was the grand head quarters of the gambling fraternity during the races held there last week. It may do to say that the racing association permit no gambling on the track, and all that kind of thing, but some of them are no doubt privy to, and interested in the wholesale gambling going on in the saloons and other places outside. They may keep the little gamblers off the track, but it is that the bigger gamblers may have a better opportunity to ply *their* trade outside.

THERE WAS A BLUNDER THERE.—Owing to the dilatoriness of one of the general officers in our army at Petersburg, the chance which the firing of the mine gave us of capturing that city has been lost for the present, and with it the services and lives of many good men. Had Gen. McClellan been in command he would probably have been "relieved." Everything tends to show that Gen. McClellan was no more unfortunate in his campaign against Richmond than his numerous successors have been.

SAVE HIM.—If the real friends of Gen. McClellan wish to benefit the man of their choice, let them no longer permit his name to be used by Copperheads. He is a loyal man—the Copperheads are disloyal. Gen. McClellan can be made a strong candidate for the Presidency if the Copperheads are beaten off; they use his name that they may destroy him. Let the friends of "Little Mac" be on their guard against the plots of domestic traitors.

THE AMERICAN BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—The billiard season will be inaugurated by the playing of the next grand match for the American Championship and $1000. It is fixed to take place at the Hippotheatron, in Fourteenth street, this city, on Thursday, September 15th. The last match for the championship, which was played in the same building, between Kavanagh and Goldthwait, was one of the most exciting of the series, and it is expected that the forthcoming one will be in nowise inferior, as both men have met before with the same object in view, and during the first part of the contest it looked as though Tieman would "capture his man." Dudley Kavanagh, the present champion, has played and won three of the present series of championmatches, but whether he will succeed in winning the fourth remains to be seen. We need hardly state, however, that at present he is decidedly the favorite hereaway, although the Cincinnatians still pin their faith on the hero of their section, Phil Tieman. Whichever wins, it will not be without an effort, for both are well known as experts at the cue of the first order. As some weeks have yet to elapse ere the match is played, we presume both men will take things easy for a week or two; or until the "heated term" has passed over. The CLIPPER will, however, give its readers "the cue" in regard to matters, as from time to time they may turn up.

THE COMING FOUR-OARED RACES.—The matches between the Twilight, of Pittsburg, and the Geo. J. Brown, of New York, and the Stranger, of Poughkeepsie, are creating a good deal of interest in aquatic sporting circles. The first race, that between the Twilight and Brown, will take place at Poughkeepsie, on Tuesday, the 16th inst., and that between the Twilight and Stranger, at the same place, on Thursday, the 18th inst. We hear that the various crews are in good condition, and preparing themselves for the work in hand. The races promise to be very exciting.

A BILLIARD SOIREE is to take place at the saloon of Messrs. Goldthwait & Cahill, No. 185 Sixth avenue, on the evening of August 11th, when and where the beauties of the game will be practically illustrated by those consummate masters of the art cuerious, Messrs. Phelan, Kavanagh, Goldthwait & Co. All those who delight in witnessing skilful billiard playing should be on hand without fail.

ABOUT "DRINKS."

IT costs a man a great deal of money now-a-days to go on a good, old fashioned, respectable bender, for war and the tax laws have played sad havoc with "beverages" as well as with everything else. A year or two ago, we could "all drink stone blind" for a moderate sum of currency; you could get your lager for four cents; ale, and porter, and port, and sherry, for six; whiskey and gin and such like for six; brandy for ten; fancy stuff for a shilling, and so on, *ad in for night'em*; champagne could be had for two dollars per bottle upwards, with plenty of takers. Then, a dollar would buy quite a number of cooling nips for a thirsty wayfarer on a dusty day, and a man could treat his friends as easy as swallowing a dose of tansy. But the tax laws, and the tariff, and the moneyed speculators and contractors have changed all this. To get *decently* inebriated now, takes the biggest end of a ten dollar piece, federal currency, without discount, and without outside assistance. How is that? quoth the innocent reader. We'll tell you. Here is a schedule of present prices at the general run of public houses:—Lager, five cents for froth—no solid in the market, we guess; at least there's none in the glasses; ales, porters, whiskey plain, and soothers of that kind, ten cents; cock-tails and corresponding pain alleviators, fifteen cents; fancy drinks, twenty-five cents; brandy, twenty-five cents to one dollar per nip; champagne, five dollars and upwards per bottle, and other bottled wines in a similar ratio. These are the rates at present in force in nearly all well regulated establishments in New York. It is an actual fact that at some choice resorts on Broadway *one dollar per drink* is the charge for brandy, while in others fifty cents is the tariff, and in the general run twenty-five cents. Proprietors of saloons have been compelled to adopt these prices owing to the heavy tax imposed upon liquors by the last excise law. When a man gets elevated on brandy now, he shows it in the "dignified" and "highly respectable" manner in which he attempts to navigate himself through our crooked thoroughfares; he will no more associate with a man weakened by whiskey than Abe Lincoln will with Jeff Davis. Most of the "weak-kneed" and "sun-struck" of the present day owe their allegiance to Bourbon. The Germans don't get drunk any more; lager foam has no effect upon them, neither has Weiss beer, at ten cents per stove-pipe. Jersey lightning, camphene, and burning fluid, which formerly killed at eighty rods, are so demoralised now, that they fail to fetch a corner grocery patron at double that distance. To furnish satisfactory proof that a man is beastly drunk, at his own expense, on champagne, entitles the lucky individual to the *entree* of the first families of New York. It is a lamentable state of affairs when a man cannot interchange the social courtesies of good fellowship, as he used to do, without going down to the last of his fractional resources. Abraham and Jefferson have much to answer for.

THE GREAT ANGLO-AMERICAN-CELTIC P. R. CONTEST.

Coburn Finds Staunch Friends in Old Ireland.

HE SOON COMMENCES TRAINING.

MACE A RACKET PLAYER.

THE fourth deposit for the great pugilistic match between Jem Mace, England's champion, and Joe Coburn, the American boxer-in-chief, to take place in Ireland, has been made good, and everything appears to be going on swimmingly. On the other side of the Atlantic interest in the event is on the increase, and as it is now announced that both men are on the eve of entering upon their training exercises, it will elicit more and more attention on this side of the "herring pond." Latest advices from England bring but little news, but that little is pregnant with importance, inasmuch as it indicates that all things are progressing satisfactorily. The *Sporting Life* of July 20th, alluding to the staking of the fourth deposit, says:—

"According to our announcement on Saturday last, that the fourth deposit, of £50 a side, for the great match between Jem Mace (England's representative) and Joe Coburn (the choice of the States) was to be made at Nat Langham's last evening, a "tidy" crowd assembled at the Mitre, St. Martin's lane, amongst them being Mace and a few friends, as well as most of the West-End division. A few minutes after ten P. M. Mace and Nat retired for a short time, and on their return it was announced that the money (£50 a side) had been posted in the hands of the final stakeholder, Coburn having sent his, and Harry Brunton Mace's. Nat Langham has had a communication from Coburn, stating that his friends in Ireland are "stanch ones," and that he will very shortly commence training, as he feels it incumbent upon him to have at least two months' training, "well understanding the task he has set him." Jem Mace assures us he is as well as man can be, and will in a very short time commence severe work, and, as an earnest of the same, he is already keeping his wind "all right" by playing at rackets several hours daily. On Thursday Mace will be at Dover, combining profit with change of air, as he is engaged to-morrow (Thursday) night to appear at the theatre there. The next deposit, of £50 a side, has to be made at a house to be named by Jem Mace, on Tuesday, August 2.

JOE COBURN IN IRELAND LOOKING OUT FOR A RING.

On Saturday evening this celebrated member of the American Prize Ring, and whose fight with Mace is fixed for some time in October, to come off at some place in Ireland, visited Armagh, and put up at the Charlemont Arms Hotel, immediately after which he called at the residence of Captain Bond.

The famous pugilist was soon met by a large number of citizens, and when he returned to the hotel several respectable persons were present to welcome him as an old familiar friend, for Joe is an Armagh man, and is at present staying with his relatives at Middletown. He is a son of a respectable tradesman, a stonemason, who held a farm on or near the Bondville estate, and who emigrated to the United States some sixteen years ago. Joe is himself a bricklayer by artistic profession, and latterly kept a tavern in New York, which he disposed of to advantage that he might contend with Mace. He is a handsome young man, about twenty-nine years of age, measuring five feet ten inches high, and weighing thirteen and a half stones. In conversation Joe is pleasant, and gives evidence of education and of having mixed in high society. But there is nothing affected in his language or dress, and not the remotest approach to the fop. He was at once recognized by several persons who knew him before he left his native land. He had a pugilistic turn even in boyhood.

It is not yet known where the contest will be held. Should Mace win the toss it is probable that Curragh will be selected; but if Joe have the choice, he says it will not be one hundred miles from Middletown, where some of his juvenile engagements occurred.—*Belfast (Ireland) News Letter, July 19.*

STILL LATER FROM COBURN AND MACE.

English sporting papers are at hand of date as late as July 24, but they come very lightly freighted with news in regard to the great pugilistic event of the future, between the above named men. In fact, meagre particulars of the staking of the fourth deposit are about all that they contain. As they are reported in a different vein, however, by each of the prominent sporting papers, we here give place to them that our readers may have all of the little news afloat:—

BELL'S LIFE'S REPORT.

Jem Mace and Joe Coburn have staked their fourth deposit of £50 a side, and we still hold £25 on behalf of Coburn towards the next deposit. Joe has been making heaps of friends, we hear, in the Sister Isle, and has now returned to Liverpool, from which place, we understand, he shortly intends to start for his training quarters. We have not heard from him for the last few days, and, consequently, do not know his exact whereabouts, which is inconvenient, as we have a letter for his mentor, Cusick, at our office, which we have been unable to forward, and which may be of importance. The next deposit is to be staked on Tuesday, Aug. 9, at Harry Brunton's, George and Dragon, Beech street, Barbican, should Mace, who has the naming of the deposit, not change his mind before Friday, July 29th.

ILLUSTRATED NEWS' REPORT.

MORE CASH BANKED.—This great match progresses satisfactorily. Another instalment of £50 a side was handed in at Nat Langham's, The Mitre, St. Martin's Lane, on Tuesday evening, July 19th, when there was a good sprinkling of the right sort; and the proceedings were quietly but properly conducted. Harry Brunton, of the George and Dragon, Beech street, Barbican, furnished the required half-century for Mace, who was present, and looked as full of pith and fire as ever. Ould Nat officiated for Coburn, who still remains in the Emerald Isle. Mace appeared at the Dover Theatre on Thursday night. Both men shortly go into active training. There is a great diversity of opinion as to the eventful issue of the match, for, as the old rhyme runs—

"'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

SPORTING LIFE'S REPORT.

There is nothing fresh whatever stirring respecting this great match, the time not having arrived for the mill to engross the attention of the public. The fourth deposit of £50 a side was duly made on Tuesday, July 19th, at Ould Nat Langham's, the Mitre Tavern, St. Martin's Lane; and the next, of £50 a side, has to be made good on Tuesday, Aug. 2, at Harry Brunton's, George and Dragon, Beech street, Barbican.

PIGEON SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—One of the best "trials of skill" it has been our pleasant duty to record, took place on Friday afternoon, Aug. 5th, at the house of Mr. William Lee, of Frankford, Pa., between those two well known "crack shots," Mr. A. B. Vance and John Cornell. The conditions of the match were, to shoot at 21 birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards bound, 1¼ ounces of shot, for a purse of $200. The following is the correct score, as received from the efficient judges, Mr. William Schuyler and Shetzline:—

Vance.....101111101111101111111—18 out of 21.
Cornell.....110111001111110011—13 out of 18.

The reader will observe that Mr. Cornell was "shot out" on his eighteenth bird. Considerable money changed hands on the occasion. Mr. Vance's shooting elicited the warmest congratulations from the hundreds who witnessed his skill, as he was only using 1½ ounces of shot, and the three birds above scored against him, fell dead out of bounds. The jovial party

strides, and was beaten after a fine struggle by a neck only; time, 4 min. 22 secs. Second day's summary:—

First Race. Purse, $300. One and a half miles.

J. S. Watson's b c Captain Moore, 4 years old, by imp Balrownie, dam Jenny Rose, by imp Glencoe 1
W. C. Duncan's ch f Kate Duncan, 4 years old, by imp Stonepiover, dam Madeline, by Boston 2
F. Morris's b f, 3 years old, by imp Eclipse out of an Arab mare 3
T. B. Reed's b m, by imp Knight of St. George, dam Evergreen, by imp Glencoe 4
Boucher de Neverville's br m Seven Oaks, by Vandal, dam by Birmingham 5

Time—3:15.

Second Race. Saratoga Stakes, for two year olds. One mile.

John Hunter's b f Saratoga, by imp Knight of St. George, dam by imp Glencoe 1
J. S. Watson's b c by Lexington, dam Pasta, by Revenue 2
Bowie & Hall's ch c Baltimore, by Revenue, dam Maroon, by imp Glencoe 3

Time—2:08½.

Third Race. Purse, $350. Two miles.

J. S. Watson's b c Captain Moore, 4 years old, by imp Balrownie, dam Jenny Rose, by imp Glencoe 1
Boucher de Neverville's c h Reporter, 6 years old, by Lexington, dam by Eclipse 2

Time—4:22.

THIRD DAY—FRIDAY, Aug. 5th.

The weather again proving favorable and pleasant, the attendance was larger than on the two preceding days, and the receipts at the gate proportionably greater. The races seemed to possess an irresistible fascination for the ladies, for they were present in still larger numbers, and their elegant and tasteful toilets, beauty and loveliness, lent additional charms to the meeting. The receipts at the gate on the first day, exclusive of badges for the meeting, were over $3,000, on the second day $3,700, and on the third day over $4,000.

The first race was a sweepstakes for three year olds, to carry 100 lbs.; the winner of the Travers' Stake to carry 5 lbs. extra; $100 entrance, half-forfeit, with $500 added, single dash of two miles. There were *twenty-one* entries, *seventeen* of which paid forfeit. The starters were Kentucky (who carried 5 lbs. extra for winning the Travers' Stake), Tipperary, Orion, and Morris's Eclipse colt. The success of Kentucky was so strongly anticipated, notwithstanding the extra weight, that, in the pools, he sold for $1050, Tipperary $335, Orion $115, and Morris $55. The outside betting was two to one on Kentucky against the field. While the horses were being saddled their appearance was eagerly scrutinized; Kentucky, of course, attracted the greatest share of attention. He looked fine, his trainer, Mr. Minor, having gotten him into the bloom of condition. He no longer showed any signs of that rheumatic lameness which he had shown in the early part of the week, and which had prevented the stable from backing him for the Travers' Stake. His rider, Gilpatrick, stood by, with a quiet smile of confidence on his countenance, as he watched the saddling of the noble-looking horse, who is the very ideal of a thorough-bred racer. Tipperary came in for a good share of attention. His trainer, Jacob Pinkus, had got him as fine as a star, and both his owners, Messrs. Ward and McGrath, expressed their satisfaction with his condition, and their confidence in his winning. The chances of the other two were not thought highly of, and they attracted but little attention.

THE RACE.

Tipperary was first off, Orion next, the favorite third, and Morris' colt last. Before rounding the turn Orion took the lead from Tipperary and made the running, Kentucky at the quarter pole taking second place. At the half mile pole Orion, Kentucky and Tipperary were all so close together that a sheet would have covered them, the former having a shade the advantage. An exciting race up the home-stretch between Orion and Kentucky resulted in the latter passing the stand on the first mile a length ahead of Orion, who was twice as far before Tipperary, and the gray colt six lengths behind the latter. On the second quarter Kentucky commenced opening a wide gap, and Orion, finding the pace too fast, fell into third place. On the back-stretch Old Abe on Tipperary made several vigorous attempts to collar the favorite, but Gilpatrick, stalling them off easily, galloped home, full of running, an easy winner by two lengths in 4:11¾, Tipperary ten lengths before Orion, and the Eclipse colt beaten off.

The second race was for the Congress Spring Purse of $800, three mile heats, for which Mr. Watson's Aldebaran and Mr. Bush's Fleetwing were entered. The former was the favorite at $100 to $40.

First Heat. Fleetwing made the running for the first mile, with Aldebaran in waiting and pulling double; time, 2:15. Going round the turn on the second mile Burgoyne indulged his horse with his head, and he immediately closed upon and passed Fleetwing, who, however, again got on even terms at the half mile pole. A fine race to the stand ensued, both passing it head and head together, Aldebaran taking and maintaining the lead nearly to the half on the third mile, where Fleetwing got his head in front. A magnificent race home ensued, Fleetwing falling away on the home-stretch, and Aldebaran passing him, came home a winner by a length in 6:26½.

Second Heat. $100 to $10 was now offered on Aldebaran. A good start, Fleetwing making the running, with the favorite waiting four lengths behind until entering the last quarter on the third mile, when he made his effort, but failing to get up, owing to the ground he had to make up, he was beaten by three-quarters of a length in 6:42½.

Third Heat. The odds still were on Aldebaran, $100 to $80 being offered. Burgoyne, aware of the bad policy of making a waiting race of it, at once deprived Fleetwing of the lead he had got at the start, and making the running at his best pace throughout the three miles, cut down his antagonist, and without ever being headed, won the heat and race by three lengths in 6:26¼. Friday's summary:

First Race.—Sweepstakes for three year olds, to carry 100lbs (the winner of the Travers stake to carry 5lbs extra), $100 entrance, $50 forfeit, $500 added, dash of two miles:—

J. Hunter (Travers & Osgood) entered b. c. Kentucky, by Lexington, dam Magnolia, by imp. Glencoe 1
J. Ward entered b. c. Tipperary, by Ringold, dam Roxana, by imp. Chesterfield 2
W. F. Harper entered b. c. Orion, by Revenue, dam Mirth, by Wagner 3
F. Morris entered g. c., by imp. Eclipse, dam Sally Ward, Jr., by imp. Glencoe 4
J. S. Watson entered b. f. Patti, by imp. Eclipse, dam Pasta, by Revenue ..... drawn.

Time—4:11¾.

Second Race.—The Congress Purse for all ages, $800; three mile heats.

J. S. Watson entered ch. c. Aldebaran, by Commodore, dam Nannie Lewis, by imp. Glencoe 1 2 1
P. C. Bush entered ch. c. Fleetwing, by Balrownie, dam sister to Nicholas I. 2 1 2

TIME.

	First Heat.	Second Heat.	Third Heat.
First mile	2:15	2:29	2:11
Two miles	4:19	4:37	4:23
Three miles	6:26¼	6:42½	6:26¼

THE FOURTH DAY—SATURDAY.

The morning of the last day of the racing broke bright and fair, betokening a beautiful day, and a glorious termination of a brilliant meeting. Large as had been the attendance on the preceding days, it was far surpassed on this occasion. The immense stand was crowded to its utmost capacity, and hundreds were obliged to descend to the inclosure in front to make room for the hosts of ladies who had come to witness the exciting hurdle race, as well as the other sports of the last day of the meeting. Upwards of $5000 were taken at the gate for admission, and it is thought that 8000 persons were present.

The hurdle race was the first race on the programme, and this event was regarded with such an intense degree of interest, as to make it the acknowledged feature of the meeting. To thousands it had all the charm of novelty, for a hurdle race has not been witnessed in the north since Mr. Browning was killed on the Beacon Course, N. J., and which melancholy accident led the New Jersey Legislature to prohibit hurdle racing in that state. For this event there were the following six entries, four of the horses being from Canada, where hurdle racing is very popular:—W. F. Harper's ch g Charley Riley (Ky.); W. H. Strong's Garibaldi (Ky.); Dennis Reedy's b h Zigzag (Ca.); T. McCready's ch h Wild Irishman (Ca); M. Tiernay's Rescue (Ca.); and J. Lane Fox's ch g Garry Owen (Ca.) Unfortunately, Garibaldi having fallen when out at exercise that morning, and injured his jockey so severely that he could not ride, was obliged to be drawn, leaving the race to be contested by the other five. Zigzag, who is a thoroughbred horse and good flat racer, although this was only his second essay at hurdle jumping, was immediately installed first favorite in the pool sales which the eloquent Dr. Underwood commenced on the race. The prices brought were as follows:—Zigzag, $145; Garry Owen, $80; Wild Irishman, $45; Rescue, $46; and Charley Riley, $16. The outside betting was $100 to $70 against Zigzag, and the amount of money bet on the race was enormous. The hurdles were formed of strong posts and rails, interwoven with green withs, and stood 3 ft. 6 in. out of the turf; there were four in each mile, consequently eight hurdles were to be cleared in the two mile race.

THE RACE.

Zigzag, ridden by his owner and trainer, Dennis Ready, of Montreal, went off with a lead of ten lengths, clearing the first and second hurdles in fine style, with Charles Riley second, Rescue third, Garry Owen fourth, and Wild Irishman last. The third and fourth hurdles were taken in similar order, Zigzag, amid tremendous cheering, passing the stand half a dozen lengths first on the first mile. In the same beautiful style he cleared the fifth and sixth hurdles, Charley Riley being close up, and taking his leaps magnificently; Garry Owen was third, Rescue fourth, and Wild Irishman last, but all three so far behind that it looked impossible for either of them to win, barring accident; indeed, so certain of winning did Zigzag appear, that offers of $100 to $5 were as plentiful as blackberries. Amid the applause of the excited thousands, the favorite and Charley Riley took the seventh hurdle nearly together, and the superior speed of the former gave him a lead of half a dozen lengths as they rounded the last turn into the home stretch, half way up which the eighth and last hurdle was placed. The excitement now became intense, for safely over this and the race was over. Well in hand, Ready brought his horse up, but the welter weight had began to tell on the young thoroughbred, and, as he rose at the hurdle, he hit the top rail and came down a cropper on the other side. Charley Riley was following directly in his wake, and his rider being unable to pull his horse on one side as he jumped the hurdle, they came down together on the top of Zigzag and his rider, and the chances of both were extinguished when victory seemed in their grasp, for Captain Lane Fox, on Garry Owen, who was some twenty or thirty lengths behind, seeing the unfortunate *contretemps*, brought up his horse, cleared the hurdle in magnificent style, and, amid immense cheering, won the race by three lengths. Charley Riley, whose rider had him on his feet almost instantly after he was down, came in second, Rescue third, Wild Irishman fourth, and the favorite last. Neither of the riders were hurt. Time—4 minutes and 46 seconds.

This race gave the most unbounded delight to the spectators, who unanimously declared it the most interesting event of the meeting, and far exceeding in excitement the other contests.

The next race was a selling race for all ages, for a purse of $300, one and a quarter mile dash, with allowances of weight in accordance with their selling price. The three entries were Mr. Watson's Patti, Mr. Reed's Verbena, and Mr. Niverville's Seven Oaks. Patti was backed at even against the field, and she won in a common canter in 2 min. 32½secs; Verbena second, and Seven Oaks, who has lost all form since she went into Canada, last. Patti was claimed and sold to Mr. Dennis Ready, of Montreal, for $600, but was subsequently repurchased by Mr. Webster for $800.

The three mile handicap race for $600, for which Captain Moore (104 lbs.,) Punch (100 lbs.,) and Reporter (115 lbs.,) were entered and handicapped, proved a walk over for the former horse, the other two, being dissatisfied with the weights, not accepting.

The fourth race was a purse of $200 for beaten horses; Kate Duncan and Verbena alone entering. $100 to $15 was currently bet on Kate Duncan, and during the race $100 to $5 was offered and taken. She went off with a lead of twenty lengths, and her saddle slipping, she overpowered her rider, and carried on the running at the top of her speed, opening a wide gap on the back stretch. Here her speed began to decrease, and Gilpatrick on Verbena waiting patiently, came with a rush in the last few strides, and won the race on the post by a neck only in 2:29.

Immediately after this race a very interesting incident took place in the judges' stand. Mr. Gil Crane, the once celebrated jockey, who rode Black Maria in the ever memorable four mile heat race on the Union Course, thirty years ago, against Lady Relief, Trifle and Slim, when twenty miles were run before the race was decided, presented to Gilpatrick, through the judges, the silk jacket and cap in which he won that world famous race, as a token of his esteem for a brother professional who had ridden against him on that eventful occasion. Long life and happiness to both the donor and recipient of those interesting trophies of the turf of bygone days.

The fifth and last race of the meeting was a handicap purse of $250, for beaten three year olds at Paterson or Saratoga; mile heats. Tipperary, Patti, Orion and Eclipse filly entered. There was but little interest attached to this race, as Tipperary's victory was regarded as a certainty. He won both heats in hollow style in 1:59—2:02.

Thus terminated the Saratoga meeting of 1864, confessedly the most successful meeting ever held in the State of New York. The horses engaged were the flower of the American thoroughbreds, the purses rich and liberal, the races numerous and well contested, and the entire meeting admirably managed.

To D. R. Underwood and his colleague, Mr. J. McGowan, the "Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer," we desire to acknowledge our obligations for the receipt of many courtesies during the Meeting. In our journey to Saratoga and on our return, we are also indebted to Mr. W. Hines, the courteous clerk of the steamer St. Johns, for many acts of kindness and attention. Subjoined is a summary of the last day's racing:

First Race.—Purse $500. Hurdle race. Dash of two miles. Over four hurdles in each mile; the hurdles to be three feet six inches above the turf; three or more horses to start to make a race. Three-year olds to carry 128lb; four-year olds, 142lb; five-year olds, 151lb; six-year olds, 157lb; aged, 161lb.

J. Lane Fox enters ch g Garry Owen, aged 1
W. F. Harper enters ch g Charley Riley, aged 2
M. Tierney enters Rescue, aged, by Rescue, dam by Grey Eagle 3
Thos. McCready enters ch h Wild Irishman, by Peter Pindar, aged 4
Dennis Reed enters b h Zigzag, 4 years old, by Buric 5
W. H. Strong enters Garibaldi, 4 years old, by Vincent Nolte, dam by Glencoe ..... drawn.

Second Race.—Purse $300. Selling race for all ages. One and a quarter mile dash.

J. S. Watson enters br f Patti, 3 years old, by imp. Eclipse, dam Pasta by Revenue. To be sold for $600. 73lbs. 1
T. B. Reed enters Verbena, 4 years old, by imp. Knight of St. George, dam Evergreen by imp. Glencoe. To be sold for $1,500. 101lbs 2
Thos. Clark enters br m Seven Oaks, 5 years old, by Vandal, dam by Birmingham. To be sold for $1000. 104lbs. 3

Fourth Race.—Purse $200, for beaten horses. One and a quarter miles.

T. B. Reed enters b m Verbena, 4 years old, by imp. Knight of St. George, dam Evergreen by imp. Glencoe 1
W. C. Duncan enters ch m Kate Duncan, 4 years old, by imp. Stone Plover, dam Madeline, by Boston 2

Fifth Race.—Handicap Purse, $250, for three year olds beaten at Paterson or Saratoga. Mile heats.

McGrath & Ward enter b c Tipperary, by Ringold, dam by imp. Chesterfield, 95lb 1 1
F. Morris enters b f by imp. Eclipse, dam an Arab Mare, 90lb 2 4
W. F. Harper enters b c Orion by Revenue, dam Mirth by Wagner, 90lb 3 3
J. S. Watson enters b f Patti, by imp. Eclipse, dam Pasta by Revenue, 90lb 4 2

BALL PLAY.

Matches Arranged.

August 9.—Atlantic vs. Olympic.
10.—Newark vs. Excelsior, of Brooklyn, at Newark. Game called at 2½ P. M.
10.—A regimental game among the members of the Forty-seventh regiment, on the Union ball ground, Brooklyn, at 3 P. M.
10.—Atlantic vs. Keystone.
11.—Empire vs. Union, of Morrisania, at Morrisania, at 2½ P. M.
11.—Gotham jr., of Hoboken, vs. Peconic, on the grounds of the latter, corner Marcy and Gates avenues, Brooklyn, at 2 P. M.
12.—Mutual vs. Gotham, at Elysian Fields, Hoboken, at 3 P. M.
17.—Newark vs. Union, of Morrisania, coner of Sixty-first street and Third avenue, at 2½ P. M.
17.—Mutual vs. Excelsior, at Elysian Fields, Hoboken, at 3 P. M. Fly game.
31.—Empire vs. Union, of Morrisania, at Hoboken.
—.—Atlantic vs. Eureka.
Sept. —.—Eureka vs. Active, return game, at Hoboken.

MUTUAL VS. EUREKA.

A very interesting and well-played game was had between these clubs at Newark on Aug. 2d, the result being a creditable earned victory for the Mutuals by a score of 16 to 10 in a full game of two hours and fifteen minutes duration, during which time there occurred some of the prettiest displays of fielding we have seen in any game this season; the Eurekas especially playing up to their mark in a majority of innings, their in-fielding being excellent throughout.

The game opened in favor of the Mutuals by a score of 5 to 0, but it was not until the 5th innings that they were permitted to score, so well was nearly every ball attended to; and in the interim the Eurekas added 4 runs to their score, the totals being 5 to 4 in favor of the Mutuals when they began their 6th innings. In that they made a fresh start, and, what is more, kept their vantage ground to the last, finally winning by the score above named.

Of the play on the occasion, on the part of the Eurekas we have specially to speak of the fine fielding of Pennington, at 2d base. Littlewood in the outer field, and of Theo. Bomeisler, as catcher, and Northrup at 1st base. Bomeisler took Brientnal's place, owing to the latter being lame in the arm, he taking right field. Theodore is a good catcher when in practice, and played remarkable well considering his want of it. Thomas and Burroughs alternately pitched and played at short field, and both did efficient service in each position. Northrup was himself again, it being Callaway's turn this time to attend to the base business. The good looking left fielder of the Eurekas will have to drop the ornamental style and adopt the useful in fly catching if he desires to keep up to his past reputation. Mills did not do things as we have seen him do. He played so finely in the Empire match that we expect great things from him on all occasions, especially as we know the skill is there. Pennington took a decided lead in batting, in fact he did all there was done worthy of notice on his side. Brientnal enjoyed the privilege of looking on, for he had little else to do. On the part of the Mutuals, one and all did their duty throughout, Brown and McMahon especially distinguishing themselves in their respective positions; in fact the former has not played so near his highest mark this season. The outer fielding of Zeller, Patterson, and McCullough was also specially worthy of remark, their handsomely taken fly catches eliciting well deserved applause. A feature of this well contested game was the thorough good feeling which characterized it. In contrast to the game we had previously witnessed some ninety miles distant, it was really a treat to see such gentlemanly behavior as marked each innings. The Eurekas gracefully acknowledged their defeat, thereby robbing it of half its sting. At the close of the play the parties adjourned to the club house and there received the usual hospitalities extended to their guests by the Eurekas. Mr. M. O'Brien acted as umpire, and we need not say that he did his duty satisfactorily to all parties. We append the full score:

BATTING.

Mutual.	H.	L.	R.	Eureka.	H.	L.	R.
McMahon, c	3		1	Northrup, 1st b	3		1
Devyr, s s	3		2	Thomas, p	4		1
Zeller, l f	2		3	Pennington, 2d b	3		2
Duffy, 3d b	2		3	Callaway, l f	2		3
Goldie, 1st b	2		3	Brientnall, r f	2		2
Mott, p	5		0	Littlewood, c f	2		0
Brown, 2d b	2		3	Burroughs, s s	5		0
Patterson, c f	4		0	Mills, 3d b	2		1
McCullough, r f	4		1	T Bomeisler, c	4		0
Total	16			Total	10		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	5	0	0	0	4	4	2	1	0—16
Eureka	0	2	2	0	0	2	3	1	0—10

Umpire—Mr. O'Brien, of the Atlantic club.
Scorers—Messrs. Dougan and Holden.
Passed balls—Bomeisler, 9; McMahon, 2.
Home runs—Pennington, 1; Duffy, 1.
Fly catches made—Bomeisler, 3; Littlewood, 3; Northrup, 1; Mills, 1; Burroughs, 1—total, 9. Duffy, 2; McMahon, 1; Devyr, 1; Zeller, 1; Brown, 1; Patterson, 1; McCullough, 1—total, 8.
Catches missed—Brown, 1; Calloway, 4; Bomeisler, 2; Mills, 1; Burroughs, 1.
Put out on bases—Mutual, 10 times; Eureka, 10 times.
Put out on foul balls—Mutuals, 8 times; Eurekas, once.
Run out—Mott, by Northrup and Pennington.
Double plays made—By Mills and Pennington; by Burroughs, Pennington and Northrup; by Thomas, Pennington and Northrup.
Left on bases—McMahon, 2; Brown, 1; Patterson, 1; Northrup, 1; Brientnall, 1; Littlewood, 3; Mills, 1.
Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

As we were about leaving the ground, Charles Bomeisler, of the Olympic Club of Philadelphia, stepped up and asked us a question or two to which a due response was made, after which he threatened us with personal chastisement if ever we put his name in the papers again, and followed his threats with a series of remarks as truthful as his conduct on the occasion was gentlemanly. As his object was to create a row, we left him to vent his spleen on others. We would here remark that we have ever made it a rule to treat with contempt the remarks of any evil-disposed person who may choose to insult us, on the grounds that such characters cannot insult any one by anything but their praise; and we also observe the same rule towards any one who temporarily enacts the *role* of such individuals. If Mr. Charles Bomeisler thinks we have done him injustic, let him come to us like a gentleman and prove wherein we have erred, and no one will more willingly acknowledge the wrong. If any one cognisant of the facts of the match of the 30th ult.—outside of the Olympic Club, or of the majority of its members—will say that we have censured Mr. Bomeisler unjustly in even one line of our report, we will humbly apologise to him; but until this is done we shall consider that we have but done our duty in the premises.

KNICKERBOCKER OF ALBANY VS. MUTUAL OF NEW YORK.

The Knickerbocker club of Albany is considered the crack club of New York outside of the metropolis and its vicinity, and they are able to cope with the best in the country at the fly game, which is their speciality. Being desirous of testing their skill with some leading club of New York, they selected the Mutual club as their opponents in a match game, and Fast day as an appropriate occasion for the time of their visit, the contest taking place at Hoboken on Thursday, Aug. 4th, in the presence of one of the most numerous assemblages seen at a ball match this season, there being nearly 6000 people present on the occasion. It was the first time the Mutuals had ever played a fly game, and it was expected to be a closely-contested match, as there are a number of points connected with the fly game which those familiar with the game find greatly to their advantage. It wont do to bat high balls in a fly game for one thing, "grounders" or bounding balls being the style of hits required. The Knickerbockers went to the bat first, and commenced with a display of batting which rather astonished the New Yorkers, and took down Mott considerably, as he had been congratulated upon the success attendant upon his pitching in the Eureka match. The result of this display of batting was a score of eight runs, the last hit giving a clean home run from a fine hit to left field. This was followed by a display of the abilities as fielders, which led to the Mutuals drawing a blank, two fine fly catches in the outer field showing how well the Albanians could attend to this department. In the second innings, the Knickerbockers began by scoring a home-run again, and followed it up with one or two other good hits; by this time, however, the Mutuals had got over their astonishment a little, and had got down to their work well, and therefore the visitors retired from the bat with only 2 runs added to their score—their total being 10. The Mutuals now went to the bat for a second time, and, having got the hang of their opponents' pitching, they gave the Albanians a specimen of what their usual style of batting was, and, before the innings had closed, they had offset their opponents' score in the first innings, and brought their score up to within two of the other side—the totals at this time being 10 to 8 in favor of the Knickerbockers. At the close of the first innings there was quite a lively time in betting, the display made by the Knickerbockers making them the favorites for the time being; it was not long, however, before it was seen that the investments in their favor had been rather hastily made; for, by the close of the 5th innings, the Mutuals had not only recovered their lost ground, but had secured as much an advance as they had previously lost—the totals being at this time 21 to 12. In the four last innings, the Knickerbockers scored 4 to the Mutuals' 3, the fielding on both sides being very good in a majority of the innings. The Mutuals, however, did not play up to the mark of the Eureka match, though they had the same nine in the field. In the third innings they placed Zeller in to pitch, and sent Mott into the field, 6 runs only being scored off his pitching, while 10 had been secured while Mott was in. The Knickerbocker nine play a very good out-of-town game, in fact, about the best we ever saw from a State club, and they have several first-class players in their nine; their pitcher and basemen being good men for the positions, as are two of their out-fielders and short stop, but two of their nine would be improved by the substitution of younger players. The two we refer to play remarkably well for their age and weight, but both these things are drawbacks in making up a first-class nine. There were 17 bound catches made in this fly game, of which 9 were on fouls and 5 were followed by outs on bases; the bound catches made in these instances being effective as good stops in putting out players. The general notion in regard to the fly game is that it excludes every good fly catcher, whereas the fact is that the large majority of good bound catches that are made in the regular game are either off foul balls or from well taken catches in the in-field, in both of which cases they lead to the putting out of players, as well in the fly game as on the bound. A well taken bound catch in the in-field in a fly game is as effectual in putting out a player on the bases as it is at a catch in the bound game, the only difference being that credit is given for the good stop in the one case and for the catch alone in the other. As regards the assertion that the fly game makes longer games than the bound, we have to state that this match was the quickest game the Mutuals have yet played this season, it being a quarter of an hour shorter than the fine game they played at Newark. A few more fly games only are required to be played to show that it is the only style of play worthy of first class clubs, the bound game being the exclusive property of the muffin fraternity, to whom it should be confined. Mr. Miller, of the Empire club, acted as umpire on the occasion, he being one of the best of the New York umpires. The Knickerbockers were of course respectably entertained by their hosts of the Mutual, and look forward with pleasureable anticipations to the return game, which we understand is to take place at Albany in September. The full score is appended:—

BATTING.

Knickerbocker.	H.	L.	R.	Mutual.	H.	L.	R.
Gardiner, 3d b	4		2	McMahon, c	4		2
Winne, 1st b	4		1	Devyr, s s	3		1
Corey, c f	1		4	Zeller, p	3		3
Ford, p	4		1	Duffy, 3d b	2		4
Delavage, c	1		4	Goldie, 1st b	4		2
Umpleby, 2d b	3		0	Mott, r f	3		3
Turner, s s	3		1	Brown, 2d b	2		3
McDonald, l f	4		1	Patterson, l f	4		3
Bentham, r f	3		2	McCullough, c f	1		3
Total	16			Total	24		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Knickerbocker	8	2	2	0	0	1	1	1	1—16
Mutual	0	8	5	4	4	0	0	1	2—24

Umpire—Mr. Miller, of the Empire club.
Passed balls—Delavage, 2; Gardner, 2; McMahon, 5.
Home runs—Gardner, 1; Corey, 1.
Fly catches made—Zeller, 3; McMahon, 2; Duffy, 2; Goldie, 2; Mott, 1; McCullough, 2—total, 12. Corey, 4; Gardner, 2; Umpleby, 2; Ford, 1; Turner, 1; McDonald, 1—total, 11.
Catches missed—Gardner, 1; Winne, 1; Corey, 1; Turner, 1; McMahon, 1; Brown, 1; Mott, 2; Patterson, 1.
Put out on bases—Knickerbocker, 12 times; Mutual, 10 times.
Put out on foul balls—Knickerbocker, 7 times; Mutual, 8 times.
Double plays made—By Turner and Umpleby; by McCullough and Brown.
Left on bases—Gardner, 1; Winne, 1; Coney, 1; Ford, 1; Umpleby, 2; Turner, 1; McMahon, 1; Brown, 2; McCullough, 1.
Time of game—two hours.

Excelsior vs. Gotham.—The Excelsior, of Paterson, and the Gotham Jr., base ball clubs, played a match at Hoboken on the 4th inst., the result of which was, contrary to expectation, a victory for the Gotham:—

BATTING.

Gotham.	H.	L.	R.	Excelsior.	H.	L.	R.
Wright, c	1		4	Hayes, 2d b	4		0
Beadle, 1st b	2		5	Chapman, l f	3		1
Barlow, s s	3		3	Garribrant, 1st b	4		0
Breen, 3d b	3		3	Fletcher, 3d b	4		1
Gibney, 2d b	3		5	Haus, c f	3		1
Stevens, p	3		2	Watson, p	2		2
Simmons, c f	2		4	Sweeney, r f	4		0
McGregor, r f	5		2	Davis, c	3		0
Robinson, l f	2		3	Smith, s s	2		0
Total	31			Total	5		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Gotham	4	11	0	6	1	1	0	3	5—31
Excelsior	0	2	0	0	0	3	0	0	0—5

Umpire—Mr. Westervelt, of the Empire club.
Scorers—Messrs. Hopper and Beadle.
Time of game—three hours.

Base Ball at Providence, R. I.—The Dexter and Monitor clubs of that city played a match on the 4th inst., of which the following is the score:

BATTING.

Dexter.	H.	L.	R.	Monitor.	H.	L.	R.
Brown, p	4		2	Salisbury, p	3		5
Boss, c	3		0	Farrington, c	2		4
Pray, s s	3		2	Budlong, s s	3		5
Brownell, 1st b	2		1	Aldrich, 1st b	3		5
Baker, 2d b	2		2	Balcom, 2d b	3		6
E Brown, 3d b	1		3	Blanchard, 3d b	4		2
Johnsten, l f	3		0	Leonard, l f	6		1
Aldrich, c f	4		0	Hyde, c f	1		5
Richardson, r f	5		0	Martin, r f	2		5
Total	10			Total	38		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Monitor	12	3	1	3	5	2	2	7	3—38
Dexter	2	1	4	0	0	0	1	1	1—10

Umpire—A. Irons.
Scorers—Messrs. Garlin and Eddy.
Home run—Hyde, of the Monitor.
Time of the game—two hours and forty-five minutes.

Atlantic vs. Star.—The return game between the Atlantic and Star clubs took place at Bedford, on August 4th, the result being another victory for the Atlantics. The Stars made the highest score against the Atlantics that any club has made this season. They played a fine fielding game in both matches, several double plays attesting to the fact. The Stars are anxious to give or receive challenges to or from any club desirous of playing them. They will play any time and any game, bound or fly. We append the score:

BATTING.

Atlantic.	H.	L.	R.	Star.	H.	L.	R.
Pearce, l f	4		4	Mitchell, r f	2		3
Smith, 3d b	2		5	Lennon, 1st b	5		1
Hart, 1st b	3		4	Flanders, s s	4		2
Sprague, s s	2		5	Thomson, l f	3		2
Crane, 2d b	2		4	Kipp, 2d b	2		2
Chapman, c	5		2	Worth, c f	3		2
Pratt, p	3		3	Macdiarmed, 3d b	2		3
John Oliver, c f	2		5	Norton, c	1		2
M. O'Brien, r f	2		3	Kelly, p	5		0
Total	35			Total	17		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	2	3	9	12	2	0	10	3	0—35
Star	5	0	0	1	2	0	5	4	0—17

Umpire—Mr. Rogers, of the Resolute club.
Scorers—Messrs. Mawlers and Manly.
Passed balls—Chapman, 5; Norton, 8.
Home runs—Norton, 1.
Fly catches made—Pearce, 5. Chapman, 3; Smith, 2; Star, 2; Oliver, 2—total, 14. Mitchell, 5, Kipp, 3; Worth, 2; Norton, 1; Thompson, 1—total, 12.
Fly catches missed—Oliver, 1; M. O'Brien, 1; Pratt, 1; Smith, 1; Worth, 2; McDiarmed, 1; Thompson, 1; Mitchell, 1; Lennon, 1.
Put out on bases—Atlantic, 14 times; Star, 9 times.
Struck out—Morrison, 1.
Put out on foul balls—Atlantic, 3 times; Star, 7 times.
Time of game—2 hours 25 minutes.

Ironsides vs. Carroll and Star Clubs.—The Ironside Club, of Brooklyn, played two matches on the 4th inst., one with the Carroll, and the other with the Star club. In the first, the score was, Ironsides, 26, Carroll, 20; in the second, Ironsides, 21, Star, 20.

BILLIARDS.

THE GRAND BILLIARD TOURNAMENT FOR THE CHAMPION CUE OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

will take place in Philadelphia in the month of October.

The following players have entered their names to participate in the contest.

Messrs. BIRD, ESTEPHE, NELMS, MONTGOMERY, RYALL, and PLUNKETT.

Players throughout the State desirous of entering will please address.

J. W. MONTGOMERY,
St. James Billiard Room,
18-2t No. 421 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

Another Billiard Tournament.—The billiard profession have united in arranging preliminaries for a grand billiard tournament to take place in Philadelphia some time in the month of October. The worthy object is a prize cue, to be most elaborately finished, gold mounted, to be valued at the sum of two hundred dollars, and to be designated the "Champion Cue of the State of Pennsylvania," open for all players throughout the State desirous of entering, and whoever the successful competitor may be, it will become his own property, providing he can hold it against all comers for a specified time, to be decided hereafter. The arrangements for playing will be the same as in the National Billiard Tournament—to be played on one of Phelan & Collender's American Standard Four Pocket Tables—the number of points to be 500, and the size of ball 2⅜ inch. The tournament will take place in either Concert Hall or Musical Fund Hall—it has not been decided upon as yet—when ample accommodation will be arranged, principally for ladies, who will have every facility for observing the playing, without the least interruption. The following gentlemen have entered their names to be participants in the contest:—Messrs. Bird, Estephe, Montgomery, Nelms, Ryall and Plunkett.

ONE OF THE INSTITUTIONS OF GOTHAM.

The Dancing Girls of the Metropolis--A Free and Easy Ball Room and its Frequenters.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

New York city has the facility of adapting itself to all classes, countries, and climes. Hither congregate the good and bad from all parts of the known world, and here, too, manage to live one half the people with but a faint, if any, knowledge as to how the other half live. There are places, it is true, where a person must have the outward symbols of a moral character before he can gain an "entree," but we purpose to enliven our out-of-town readers with a sketch from real life of an institution where the merchant and mechanic, judge and client, officer of the law and the victim thereof, and extremes of every character, meet on one common ground. We shall not pretend to go into analyses of how these things come to be so, enough to know that this state of society exists and has existed for a considerable time. In the institution about being penographed, the timid need not fear to enter, for although men of desperate composition have access thereto, they seldom or ever show the evil spirit of their natures. From the fact that the manager understands his business and is "in" with the guardians of the peace, or "those young chaps dressed in blue," they are aware of the consequences of disturbing the free and easy harmonious principle of the establishment, and behave themselves like "lambs."

In a street leading from that great thoroughfare known as Broadway—which is one continual moving panorama of life in the metropolis, where by night vice and virtue vie with each other for supremacy, and by day the wealth, enterprise, and business of this great city may be seen to better advantage than by an exploration of all the other streets combined—famous for its anti-Maine law proclivities, where every other house is a drinking place, and where congregate the sporting men, gamesters, and fancy women, stands a low-sized two story building, which in the day time would hardly be noticed, but at night it is one of the most conspicuous places in the neighborhood. It is an edifice peculiarly constructed in every respect

BURIED IN THE CITY.

A Stave Composed near Trinity Church.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY THE CHAUNTER.

I WOULD not lie, when I shall die,
In a place that's far remov'd
From the scenes so gay of my boyhood's day,
Where pleasure has been prov'd.

I know 'tis well, as I've heard tell,
For the dead to be buried in peace,
Apart and afar from the City's jar,
Which seldom is known to cease.

I grant it fine for the sun to shine,
On a grave with violets strew'd,
Which, to our survivors become our revivers,
And show us to them, renew'd.

But when I am dead, I trust that my head
May rest near the olden ground,
Where, with heart and voice, I fix'd my choice,
And knew all the boys around.

Away from the City! 'twould be a great pity,
And could I believe such a thing,
That, ere 'neath the skies, the dead can arise,
And back to the living ones spring.

I own, with a smile, 'twould perplex for awhile,
How to travel the way over sod
Unfamiliar and strange—a very long range,
Which ne'er in my life I had trod.

Then, permit me to lie, when clos'd is my eye,
Near the hum and the tread of the quick,
Where the strokes of the hours are peal'd from the towers,
Where time has blanch'd every brick;

Where, from morning to night—the sky dull or bright,
Flows ceaseless, life's jubilant sea,
With its million of sail (may none of them fail!)
On, on to Eternity.

TOM'S CHOICE.

A Tale of the Sea.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ROGER STARBUCK.

I was rolling through one of the principal streets of San Carlos, looking out for a chance to ship, when I met my much-esteemed chum, Tom Splice, whom I had not seen for a period of two years.

"Why shiver me!" cried Tom, throwing his arms around my neck; "if it isn't Starbuck!"

"Aye, aye, Tom," said I with equal warmth; "and it's very pleasant indeed to meet a chum in this outlandish country."

Then I held Tom off at arm's length, and looked at him with a critical eye.

He had not changed much since the time when we sailed together in the Tompion. He was the same handsome trim-looking lad as ever; a trifle taller, perhaps, than when we separated, and with an additional wrinkle or two in the corners of his sea-blue eyes.

After I had finished my inspection, we "tumbled" into a public house and commenced to "talk over old times."

"Starbuck," said Tom, at length, with a deep sigh, "I'm envious."

"It isn't possible!" I exclaimed. "You could never feel envy: you are always contented with your lot; you are the easiest to please in existence!"

"Avast there!" cried Tom. "I know I was once the way you mention. Aye, aye; I was an easy man to please, Starbuck, and never envied anybody until I saw the Madonna."

"What! that little Chilian beauty—that little brig that lies in the harbor?"

"That's her!" cried Tom. "And isn't she a ra'al live beauty? But you've never been aboard of her, chum—you've never seen her walk right square up into the wind's eye, and go like a sea bird at that! Blow me! but she's a darling, and I envy her owner!"

My chum's enthusiasm did not surprise me. I had admired the Madonna a number of times since her entrance into her present port.

"So you've sailed in that craft, have you?"

"Yes, in a cruise after sandalwood," answered Tom; and I intend to ship in her again. She sails for San Francisco in a week. Will you go along?"

I answered in the affirmative, but remarked that I had supposed that the brig had already shipped her full complement of men.

"You are nearly right," answered Tom; "but the captain wont refuse two good seamen for all that."

Tom was right. We found no difficulty in shipping in the Madonna when we made application for that purpose on the following day.

A week afterwards we were walking out of the harbor in fine style. The little brig skipped over the water like a white-winged spirit.

On the morning of the third day the sea and the breeze fell asleep, and the brig became motionless beneath a burning sun. The men of which the watch was composed were all at work, some of them upon the yards, and others among the shrouds.

Tom Splice was busy with an ear-ring on the foretopsail yard, and a pair of large soft black eyes were watching his operations, from the quarter deck, with much interest. The eyes belonged to a pretty Chilian girl—the daughter of the captain of the brig. Her figure was very plump, her waist round and flexible, her hair long and black, her ancles beautifully moulded, and her smile full of winning sweetness.

She evidently admired Tom Splice.

While she was still watching him, a strange and terrible noise, something between a yell and a growl, was heard, and the next moment Vincus, the captain's favorite hound, sprang with a bound from the forehold to the deck. His eyeballs gleamed with a greenish light, he gnashed his teeth, and flakes of foam flew from his mouth.

"Hydrophobia!" yelled a Chilian sailor from the foretop. "The dog has the hydrophobia!"

There was no mistake upon this point. The animal bounded fiercely towards the pretty Mary who had loved and petted him from the moment when he commenced to creep.

"Santa Maria! Save me!" exclaimed the terrified girl; and she retreated to the lea bulwarks, motioning the dog away with her hands.

But the animal uttered a terrific growl, and with his eyes blazing like coals of fire, made a spring for Mary's throat. Then, with a wild cry, the maiden threw herself backward into the sea!

"Oh, the Holy Virgin help her!" shrieked the captain as he sprang to the deck. "Come here and help me lower the boat! My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

Three of the sailors, who had by this time gained the deck, flew to assist the skipper, who was striving to unfasten the lashings of the boat over the stern.

At the same moment I heard a loud splash, and upon looking over the rail, I saw the head of Tom Splice rising from the water. In fact, my chum had allowed himself to drop from the topsail yard into the sea.

"You are a good shot, Starbuck!" he exclaimed, as he struck out in the direction of the spot where Mary had sank, and near which the dog was now swimming in circles, gnashing his teeth, and uttering sharp angry growls as though eager for the re-appearance of the girl. "You are a good shot! For God's sake, get the captain's gun, which is always kept loaded near the companionway, and see what you can do with that dog!"

"Aye, aye!" I promptly answered; and in a few moments the weapon was in my hand.

I raised the stock to my shoulder. My hand and my eyes were never more steady then at that moment. I pulled the trigger and—good God! I missed! Yes, untouched by my bullet, the maddened animal now dashed off in the direction of Tom Splice.

"Try again, Starbuck! try again!" shouted my chum, and, at the same moment I saw the bright head of the Captain's daughter rise to the surface of the water near the spot which the dog had just quitted. I ran to procure the skipper's powder horn and his bag of bullets, and in a few moments I had again loaded my piece.

By this time the dog was within a few fathoms of my chum, who, with his sheath knife drawn, was now "treading water" and evidently preparing himself for a desperate combat.

And, not far off, I still beheld poor Mary who, on the point of sinking for the second time, was throwing her arms wildly about, while the salt water gurgled horribly in her throat.

There was not a moment to lose. Up went my gun, and the report was almost simultaneous with the movement. Thank God!—this time the bullet penetrated the animal's neck, and the water grew red with his blood. Nevertheless, he moved on, and he was about to make a "snap" at the head of Tom Splice, when the latter dived. The next moment I saw the animal roll over upon his side with open mouth, and expire. My chum had stabbed him from under the water, as he informed me an instant afterwards, when he re-appeared on the surface of the sea. Then, striking out vigorously, she reached the side of the struggling maiden, just as the last thread of her bright hair was about to vanish from sight.

By this time the boat had been lowered, and, in a few moments, Tom had the satisfaction of surrendering the half-insensible girl to her overjoyed parent.

The parties were soon on board the ship, and the pretty Mary was not long in recovering her full senses.

Then the captain turned to Tom Splice with tearful eyes, and grasped his hand.

"You have saved my daughter's life!" he exclaimed, "and I can never sufficiently repay you for the great service you have performed."

"It's all right," said Tom; "don't talk of paying me or doing my duty. "There!" leaning forward, and kissing the blushing cheek of the Chilian maiden; "that's reward enough for a man who does his duty!"

"No! no!" exclaimed the captain; "no! no! Americano; I insist upon making you a present. "Look!" he exclaimed, pointing with one hand to his daughter, and with the other to the white sails of the brig, "take your choice—choose between the 'Madonna' and my daughter!"

"Shiver me!" cried Tom, "but you're not in 'arnest—downright 'arnest? This beautiful brig? no, no, I could never consent—"

"But I insist upon it, for I *am* 'in earnest,' as you say—downright earnest. This is the last cruise that the 'Madonna' would have performed in my company, under any circumstances, as I had intended to sell her upon arriving at my next port. But I have saved up money enough without, and I shall be happy to make you a present of the craft, if that is your choice. On the other hand, I feel almost certain that my daughter and yourself feel a tender interest for each other, and," he added, roguishly, as he noticed the bright smile which wreathed the pretty lips of Mary, "I can form a pretty good guess as to which of the two crafts you will choose."

The "quid" of my chum—and it was a very large quid—rolled swiftly from side to side. He colored, seemed embarrassed, and alternately glanced at the symmetrical form of Mary, and around the brig, at the tall, tapering masts, the white neatly-cut sails, the matchless rigging all trim and taut, the clean, white decks, and the booms forward. Presently he drew a long breath.

"She's a beauty!" he muttered, and then, catching Mary's eye, he added, with some embarrassment, "Aye—aye—they are both beauties! But are you really in 'arnest, captain?" he continued, turning to the skipper.

"In earnest—I swear it!" answered the Chilian.

Then Tom turned upon his heel, and, springing into the rigging, mounted to the truck, as though for the purpose of getting a better view of the interior of the craft.

Mary now looked up at him and pouted; but when he descended, her eye moistened, and the bright blushes went and came. Her manner seemed to make Tom uneasy. He lowered his eyes, and rolled his quid faster than ever. Then he walked twice around her, carefully surveying her symmetrical form, after which his glances again roved about the vessel.

At that moment a sudden puff of wind struck the Madonna. She tossed her raking masts like a coquette, and, with swelling sails, dashed off with the water tinkling around her bows.

This graceful movement was too much for the susceptible heart of Tom Splice.

"I'll take the Madonna!" he said, in a low voice, drawing the captain aside, "that is, if it's all the same to Mary. They are both beauties, d'ye see, but the little brig is a darling!"

The words did not escape the quick ear of the Chilian maiden. She became as pale as death, and the captain threw an arm about her waist, for he was afraid that she would fall.

"All right, Tom," he exclaimed, "but, in ehoosing the craft, you need not give up Mary. You shall have her, too."

"Never!" exclaimed Mary, with flashing eyes and pouting lips, "never!"

And she moved away haughtily and disappeared in the cabin. She felt as almost any woman would have felt, under the same circumstances, that she could never forgive, much less marry, the man who had preferred a brig to her own charms."

Tom never saw her again.

But, years afterwards, while he was still plowing the waters in the beautiful craft of his choice, he learned that the daughter of the Chilian captain had retired to the —— convent.

Then Tom blotted out the name of "Madonna" upon the stern of the brig, and changed it to that of "Mary."

A BETTING QUAKER;

OR,

The Rye-Pond Cockfight.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PLUTO OF CORINTH.

"FAST Quakers" are, like very fast horses, scarce on this mundane sphere, but when one is found, he generally goes his gait with a perfect looseness. I met one last winter, and as I have never told of the incidents occurring at that meeting except to a friend or two over our after dinner glass of wine, I will put it down in the CLIPPER record, for the benefit of all mankind and the rest of the folks.

I was up in that dismal little village known as White Plains, in Westchester county, New York State, on a business trip. I put up at the Excelsior, kept by "old Pete Banta," once the jolliest of conductors on the Harlem Railroad, and now one of the fattest and jolliest of landlords. The man I went to see was off in Connecticut, and not expected back for a couple of days, and I expected a lonesome time while waiting for him, for Pete's sons, with one exception, were off at the war, and there was no one else around there with life enough in him to make time endurable.

I was thinking of taking the down train for Gotham that evening, when Jack B., the only *live* man about, asked me if I wouldn't like to go over to Rye Pond, to see a cock-fight.

"A cock-fight?" said I, in surprise. "I didn't think there was life enough in the county to get up one."

"Oh, yes there is," said he. "Ride over with me, and we'll see some fun. Carpenter generally scares up a crowd when he tries!"

"Well, I'm willing to go," said I. "Anything to kill time till Al. Birdlly gets back."

So Jack hitched up a team after supper, and putting a couple of bottles of *cider* or something else under the seat, we drove off. The night was clear. There was snow enough on the ground to keep the sleigh runners off the stones, and though the drive was short, it was decidedly pleasant.

We found, when we arrived at the Rye Pond Ranche, quite a gathering of the odds and ends of the sporting kind of humanity. Some few were regular sporting men, but the majority were mongrels.

The "pit" was in a barn, and the best reserved seats were on the half emptied hay-mows.

Having tasted some of Carpenter's eighty-rod Hollands, and decided after that to stick to our own "cider," I glanced over the company. There was no one there whom I knew, except Tom Dunn; the rest were strangers to me. But there was one young fellow whose garb, and solemn, sober look, rather surprised me in such a place.

His clothes and his face were as Quakerish as Quaker could be. His shad-belly coat and long waistcoat and pantaloons were drab, and so was the broad rimmed hat on his head. His face was rather rosy, but he looked as grave and solemn as an owl.

The rest were all talking of the fights to come off, most of them bragging and betting, but he was a silent listener only. He did not speak to any one. I thought that he was a stranger there, who, observing a crowd gathering, had dropped in to see what was to be done.

I asked Jack B. if that was not the case.

He laughed quietly, and said, "Just wait till the game is on and the betting commences, and you'll see. And if you bet at all, be sure to bet on the cock that Joshua, the Quaker, backs, for it is a thousand to one that that cock will win. On a cock-fight or horse race Josh Bagley can't be beaten."

I said no more, but wet my astonishment with a little more cider. The game was about to open, and I got ready for taking notes.

Two cocks were brought in—one from Portchester and the other from Milesquare. Both were game, and when gaffed and ready were as pretty specimens of the regular "game" as any one could wish to see—both nearly matched in weight and size—one, that from Portchester, a very dark red, with black spots on his back, the other much lighter.

The moment they were brought to view the betting commenced.

"I'll go eight dollars to five on old Portchester," said Tom Dunn, who was always considered *knowing* in such matters.

"If thee will make a bet worth counting over I will talk to thee, friend Thomas," said my Quaker, with the same quiet, sober look that he had worn all the time.

"Fifty to thirty, then," said Dunn, quickly.

"That will do a little better. Let that stranger there hold thy money, and I will give him mine," said Joshua, quietly pointing to me.

I had no wish to be a stakeholder, but before I could object the money was in my hands.

"And now," continued the Quaker, "if any of the rest of the brethren want to invest money on the Portchester cock, at odds, or even, I have a couple of hundred to put up without delay."

The Portchester cock happened to be known and a favorite, and in a few minutes Joshua had his two hundred up in my hands with the other bets.

"How is it going to go?" I asked of Jack B., in a whisper. "Do you know anything of the cock which the Quaker bets on?"

"No; but it will win. I'd bet my pile on that," said Jack. "*Josh* never loses."

The ring was cleared now, and the cocks put in hand—a moment more, and they were at it. The red one pushed the work at once, and in a moment I saw blood spotting the breast of the light colored one. The red one seemed to know what his gaffs were for, and how to use them, too.

"The Quaker will lose," I whispered to Jack, as I saw the pale cock receive a half dozen clips without drawing blood from his opponent.

"A hundred to ten on old Portchester," shouted Tom Dunn.

"I will take that, friend Thomas," said Joshua, quietly handing me the X.

Dunn put up his hundred, and he had scarcely done it when the light colored cock seemed to be stung by another cut from the red one into fierce action. For with a quick bound and an unerring aim he drove his gaff through and through the red cock's head, putting out both eyes, and killing him instantly.

Of course I handed the stakes over to the Quaker, who, as he put the money in his pocket, said in his quiet way:

"Thank thee, friend. The plain cock was a better fighter than the gaudy colored one, and so it is generally with men."

There were about twenty mains fought that night, for the matter was kept up till near daylight, and to my utter astonishment, I noticed that the Quaker did not lose a single bet during the night.

Often he bet on cocks which looked more like dunghill than game, but his judgment did not fail in a single instance.

The knowing ones up his way, after they learned his wisdom, were careful of betting against Josh B., who will be readily recognised and well remembered by many a reader of the CLIPPER.

OPENING ADDRESS.

TO BE SPOKEN BY A LADY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BOOTHROYD FAIRCLOUGH.

PRESIDING fates, whose will alone accords
Or praise, or blame to heroes of the boards;
Whose honied plaudits and whose dreaded sneers,
Inspire their talents and arouse their fears;
To your decision actors bend the knee,
Nor dare dispute the might of your decree.
We cry your mercy, and your suffrage claim
To place us high within the niche of fame.
And, if perchance, on this our op'ning night,
Some silly blunder, or some hapless wight
Evoke your anger, or disturb your bile,
Withhold your vengeance, we beseech, awhile;
Restrain your laughter, and subdue your hisses
In due regard for such a night as this is!
And, here we swear by every Pagan oath,
To-morrow evening sees us settle both!
True, all our efforts, here and hereafter,
Aim to draw your tears or win your laughter!
But then by ways legitimate, we mean
To earn your plaudits of the mimic scene.
Our manager, with fervent zeal, declares
Your mighty pleasures are his solemn cares!
He shuns no labor and he spares no cost,
He breaks no promise and he makes no boast!
The arts, that ever charm the soul and eye,
Shall flourish here, like fruits 'neath tropic sky!
Sir Critic, too, for well I know and rue it,
I feel your presence though I can not view it!
In this vast crowd 'twere difficult to trace
The smiling features of your darling face!
Be gentle in your censures, there's a dear,
And you shall always be a "dead head" here!

THE "HEAVY MAN" GETTING UP HIS "BUSINESS."

The Heavy Business, like the Old Men, is adopted from a thorough love of personation—a desire to sink personal identity in the face, figure, and manners of another. Except in the case of a disappointed Tragedian or Light Comedian, grown too bulky for buoyant rattling, the Heavies are usually the free choice of the men who play them. They are generally very genial, jolly, social creatures in their private life, with few resentments, or angers, or small spites. Whatever unkindness may lurk in their hearts is relieved abundantly at the theatre, where they cause more tears to flow in the course of a single night than are shed as consequences of any act of theirs off the stage during their whole lives. Who, to hear the indifferent brutality with which Pizarro bids the soldiers who have brought him Cora's child, "Toss the imp into the sea!" would imagine that Pizarro himself was a married man, and so devoted to his children that his very wife was jealous of the baby? The heavy man often studies his part surrounded by his offspring. When he studies aloud the effect is curious enough.

"Listen to me, Malatesta," says the actor. "Ere the sun again sink in the west the family of Folderoldi will be in my power. At a blast from this horn the castle will be seized—the old castellan shall swing from his own battlements. For the lordly Leonardo I have a special dungeon, and for Bianca—Ha! ha! ha! ha! (villians always laugh four times, only four; it is a rule in tragedy) the haughty Bianca, who disdained my honest suit, who laughed to scorn the love of the friendless, penniless Ruffutfsky—she shall sue to me, to ME!!! for mer-cy. Hie thee, then, Malatesta, to the appointed spot, where my brave band"——

"Faver, give me a bit of tring?" says the last baby but one.

"String my dear?"—Yes—to the appointed spot, where my brave band—here's string, my darling—to the appointed spot where"—

"Tie me, faver, I want to be Billy's 'oss."

"To the appointed spot where—my dear, how you do bother me. Go to your mother—who shall sue me—to ME!!! for mer-cy. Hie thee, then, Malatesta—to thee"—

"Faver," interrupts the child, "muvver can't tie it so good as you."

"Come here, then—how the deuce can I study with—hold up one armie—to the appointed spot where—there, my beauty!—to the appointed spot where"—

"Now tovver one armie, faver."

"Yes, dear. There! Now go and play, and don't interrupt father any more. Hie, then, to the appointed spot where my brave band awaits me. Give Staballo this ring; he will under"——

"Kiss, faver."

"There, my darling—he will under"—

"Give Billy a kiss, too, faver."

"There! Confound it, Maria! How the devil am I to get the words into my head with these children bothering about me? I'll—go along, my beauties—he will understand that when the beacon is fired the massacre is to begin."

"Faver, come play at butcher's shops."

"Oh, I give it up! Come here, Johnny; Billy shall be the mutton, and you shall be the beef."

And the actor throws aside his part to sustain the character of a customer requiring a large quantity of chops, who is of extreme fastidiousness as to weight and primeness.

THE TAVERN-KEEPER AND THE RAFT-WALKER.

There was a fellow once stepped out of the door of a tavern on the Mississipp, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft—one of the regular old-fashioned whalers—a raft a mile long.

Well, the fellow heard the landlord say the raft was a mile long, and he said unto himself, "I will go forth and see the great wonder, and let mine eyes behold the timber which the hand of man hath hewn." So he got at the lower end, and began to ambulate over the wood in pretty fair time. But just as he walked up the river, it walked down, both travelling at about the same rate. When he got to the end of the sticks, he found they were pretty near shore, and in sight of a tavern; so he landed and walked straight into the bar-room he had come out of. The general sameness of things took him a little aback, but he looked the landlord straight in the face, and settled it in his own way:

"Publican," said he, "are you gifted with any twin-brother who keeps a similar sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comporting wood-pile, and corresponding circus-bills, a mile off from here?"

The tavern-keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said it was just so.

"And, Publican, have you, among your dry goods, for the entertainment of man and beast, any whiskey of the same size as that of your brother's?"

And the tavern man said that, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, he had.

They took drinks, when the stranger said:

"Publican, that are twin-brother of yours is a mighty fine man—a very fine man indeed. But do you know that I'm afeered he suffers a good deal with the Chicago diptheria?"

"And what is that?" asked the toddy-sticker.

"It is when the truth settles so firm in a man that it never comes out. Common doctors, of the catnip sort, call it lying. When I left your brother's confectionary, there was a raft at his door, which he swore his life was a mile long. Well, publican, I walked that raft from bill to tail, from his door to your'n. Now, I know leg time, an' I'm just as good for myself as for a hoss, and better for that than any man you ever did see. I always walk a mile in exactly twenty minutes on a good road, and I'll be busted with an overloaded Injun gun if I've been mor'n ten minutes coming here, stepping over the blamed logs at that."

A CIRCUS PARADE.—About twelve o'clock the sounds of martial music are heard, and the crowds on the street divide to each side. "It's the show folk! it's the show folk!" is now the cry, and onward we sweep in grand procession, headed by a band, the musicians sitting in an elegant carriage, or rather triumphal car, drawn by six splendid cream-colored horses. The company followed in pairs, dressed like cavaliers and ladies of the olden time. Reader, your humble servant brought up the rear of the procession, dressed as a clown, riding upon a gaily caparisoned donkey! If admiration of the show of horses and grandees greeted the first part of the procession, bursts of laughter waited upon the clown. The fool was the great feature of the scene, and there he sat grave as a judge, with his face tailward, unmoved by the cries of "Oh, but look at the fool!" "Look at the fool!" "Here be the show folks," &c. In country places, the "show folk" is the universal name given to all persons connected with exhibitions, no matter whether they are exhibitions of waxwork, shows of wild beasts, or theatrical booths. Our procession, or rather parade, was meant simply to be an advertisement, and it answered the purpose admirably. We were only out for about half an hour, during which we made the tour of the town, and were followed up and down by great crowds of people, most of whom followed us to the scene of performance, and witnessed our efforts.

THE DARK SPORTS IN COUNCIL.

Grand Emancipation "Jamboree."

SCUPPING—SHOOTING—WALTZING—FUN.

REPORTED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LITTLE EARTHQUAKE.

Perhaps the most popular resort of the picnic loving population of Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, is Hanft's Myrtle-avenue Park, to which speedy (but not very comfortable, when the conveyances are crowded) access may be obtained by way of the horse cars from Fulton and Peck-slip Ferries. In this sultry August weather, excursions to the park are of almost daily occurrence; school children and church congregations wend their way thither, to enjoy themselves beneath the shade of the mighty trees, and accumulate a fresh stock of health and vitality. There the lusty Teuton imbibes his lager in peace, while memory, in after-dinner ruminations, carries him back to his beloved Fatherland, and the breezy gardens where his favorite tipple was first lifted to his lips. And sometimes, in these moments of supreme delight, his thoughts desert this prosaic world altogether, and waft him to an enchanting region in the future, where countless Myrtle-avenue Parks, cooled by fountains of ever-flowing lager, promise him a blissful eternity. May his dreams be fulfilled.

On Monday, Aug. 1, lured by an advertisement in the Sunday papers, my friend Pumblechook and I took the cars for Myrtle-avenue Park. Attired in garments of the most fashionable cut, with plenty of postage stamps in our vest pockets, we resolved to convince the children of Africa (whose Emancipation Jubilee we were about to attend) that the white people of the North, of whom we were the self-constituted representatives, were by no means indifferent to the interests of their colored brethren. With this benevolent purpose, we got into the car, and were soon joined by about thirty respectable contrabands, male and female. The car was a small one, and the press was mighty hard to stand, you'd better believe. I was wedged in between two maidens whose chief business seemed to consist in squeezing me into a "sweat board," and they came mighty near doing it, too. One of them was rather handsome, I must confess, and tortured me with a charming smile on her lips; but the other—oh, breathe not her name; she was a monster in build, and the perspiration that rolled down her ebony cheeks—well, I don't like foot baths with my boots on. I feel certain I would never have survived that half-hour's ride, had it not been for the consolation of perceiving that Pumblechook was even more miserable than myself. That pleasing spectacle sustained me. Pum., with his usual good luck, had secured a commanding position just beneath the hole through which the change is handed up to the driver, and, of course, he was in duty bound to pass up the fares of the dusky belles. This he did with a smiling visage, but I knew the bitterness was at his heart, and that he mentally wished the whole "caboodle" at the—the journey's end. Mistakes were constantly occurring in the change; the passengers were always in the right, the driver was never in the wrong; Pumblechook was referee; passengers shouted at Pumblechook; Pumblechook shouted at driver; driver yelled back at passengers; contrabands on top of the car increased the uproar by beating their heels on the roof, while the maidens who were squeezing me into a "sweat board," laughed and guffawed till one would have thought the car was taking a party of lunatics out for an airing; my shirt collar wilted; the lustre was completely washed out of my patent leathers, and I felt like a rag hung out to dry. Oh! wasn't it delightful? When does the next "Emancipation Jubilee" take place? I intend to be in the same car with the same party. Oh, yes. And I intend to have the same pretty mulatto girl jamming her head into my shirt-bosom, and the same stout lady doing her best to crush in my back-bone—to say nothing of the foot-bath with my boots on, or the big pin that run into my—but why those cruel wrongs repeat? "Oh, here!" I cried, with a sigh of relief, as we escaped from the car, opposite the Franklin House, located on the corner of Myrtle Avenue and Broadway. Pumblechook steered my exhausted body into the bar-room, and when he placed a foaming glass of ale before me, I hadn't enough energy left to refuse it. A short rest, however, brought me round, and hoisting the family umbrella we had provided for the occasion, Pumblechook and I bent our steps in the direction of the Park. Arrived at the entrance, over which floated the Stars and Stripes, we purchased our tickets, and soon found ourselves in the very centre of the mirthful scene. A word here about the Park: it disappointed me completely, and is no more to be compared to Jones' Woods than—anything; I hate comparisons. A few wooden horses (on one of which a colored girl managed to break her arm), a half dozen scups, a well of good water, plenty of lager-beer stands, and a tent for dancing—these were all the attractions I could see. The Park embraces but very little ground, and, according to my mind, is hardly suitable for the purposes for which it is intended. The proprietor is, no doubt, of my opinion, and will be sorry that he has not the pleasure of my acquaintance—but we may "meat" some day, as the fellow said who had been living a year on vegetable diet.

Thousands of colored people swarmed through the Park, and every shade of color and complexion had its representatives. Women as dark as dark could be, were attended by children who would pass anywhere for the offspring of white parents. In truth, gazing on the motley assemblage, one could not resist the conviction that the labors of Phillips, Garrison, and their followers, in favor of miscegenation, are altogether superfluous; at least in these regions, where the whites and blacks appear to be in a fair way of settling that knotty question for themselves. The colors were so mixed among the juveniles collected in the Park, that Pumblechook, who is a close student of his fellow men, declared that it was impossible to tell where the white commenced and the black ended. We discussed the subject over our lager, but left it an open question at the conclusion of the argument, and we were the more inclined to do so on perceiving the interest which several "gentlemen from Africa" were taking in our debate. Finding ourselves on "delicate ground," we changed our base, and sauntered away, determined to drop for the day, miscegenation, amalgamation, and all the other ticklish questions that set men by the ears in these demented times. Riding in the scups appeared to be a favorite amusement with the colored charmers. Their feigned terror, half-smothered screams, and coquettish postures, proved them fully equal to their white sisters in using the arts of fascination; while the skill with which they managed their crinolines and other fixings, filled Pumblechook with admiring wonder. In his anxiety to see all that was to be seen, he got so near the scups that one of them knocked off his hat, and he was truly pleased, on picking it up, to find that his head was not inside of it.

The shooting-gallery was as much in demand among the beaux as the "swings" among the belles, and such shooting as I there witnessed would have been as "good as a play" to the author of "Broadway Beneath the Sidewalks," and caused the pretty waiter girls, of whom he discourses so learnedly, to shake their sides with "larfture." Even the contrabands themselves were astonished at the facility with which they missed the target, and the sharp-faced little Hibernian who did the "loading up" walked around with a recklessness that indicated his conviction of being free from danger as long as he did not endeavor to avoid the bullets. Bets were freely offered and accepted, and one cove who backed himself at two to one *not* to hit the target, lost a small fortune by accidentally popping the bullet right into the bull's eye. Never was marksman worse pleased at his success.(?) Such shooting as the majority displayed would have done little towards winning the battle of Gettysburg—for the North. You can go your pile on that, Heliogabulus.

At one end of the park a large tent was devoted to the accommodation of the dancers, and the dancers were by no means slow in devoting themselves to the occupation of the tent. Here the press of Ethiopian beauty was something bewildering, and worth a long journey to witness. Women, whose loveliness would be acknowledged anywhere, glided through the throng with the lithe and undulating movements, which, as Pumblechook says, do such execution on the masculine heart. As a truthful reporter of the scene, I must say that the demeanor of the greater part of these ladies was in all respects modest and becoming, and I fancied (was it all fancy?) that in the eyes of many I could trace souls as pure and refined as ever ennobled the mortal frames of earth's fairer daughters. To me—and I confess it freely—there is a charm in the young creole's guileless glance which I would vainly seek in the eye of the white girl, and I think the charm consists in that beseeching expression which seems to acknowledge the superiority of the white race, to deprecate the white man's anger, and to implore his protection. But, everyone to his taste, and if anybody differs with me I won't refuse to drink with him on that account. Neither will Pumblechook. Talking of Pumblechook, that unsophisticated white man was struck all of a heap (original) by the flash of diamonds and the beauteous faces in the dancing tent. He stood in open-mouthed amazement, his eyes gradually growing larger and larger, until they were as big as two of the balls the Slapjack B. B. Club didn't win in their late excursion to Zinkertown. Fact. It was only by dragging him to a neighboring lagerbeer stand that I restored him to his usual state of dignified self-possession. Two glasses made him all right, and the proprietor of the stand, who had noticed his demoralized condition, drew me aside and endeavored to persuade me to persuade Pumblechook to have two pictures taken—one representing him as he was *before* drinking two mugs of Backanbacker's lager, and the other giving a faithful picture of my friend *after*, &c., &c., &c. I proposed the thing to Pum., but he would not give his consent, because a German somewhere in Harlem, five or six years ago, gave him a bad five cent piece in change, and he had made up his mind never to do anything that would increase the sale of lager—except drinking it himself—and when Pumblechook makes up his mind it's made UP.

Returning to the tent, we took seats, and surveyed the scene at our leisure. A consumptive band, on a crazy platform, was grinding out a German waltz. Notwithstanding the heat, some forty couples were circulating about the tent, and seemed to enjoy the exercise "muchly," although, to the outsiders, it looked like awful hard work, judging from the streaming faces of those engaged in it. In truth, the heat would have been absolutely insufferable, had it not been for the refreshing breeze. The same breeze was by no means laden with the odors of Araby the Blest. Besides the perfume originating with the people present at the "Emancipation Jubilee," Pumblechook asserted that he could detect the scent of Bologna sausage and Limburger cheese, which was wafted from a German pic-nic held about a quarter of a mile distant. But the lager was beginning to work in my friend's brain, and his judgment was hardly to be depended on. I would much rather have depended on that of Mr. John G——, of the Eckford Club, who was among the few white folks looking on at the "shindig." Mr. S——, the graceful heavy-weight, belonging to the same organization, was also present, and he looked as much pleased as if he was showing the beauties of the "national game," in his favorite position at first base, which he plays better than any man in the—what nine is it? At the heavy-weight match to be played this season on the Union ground, he will, no doubt, put in an appearance, and show what *can* be done in the way of fielding and batting.

As Pumblechook and I were about to withdraw from the tent, my eyes fell on the shining visage of Curly George, at whose shaving establishment I frequently take a chair.

"Ah! Mr. Quake, how do?" inquired Curly.

I have repeatedly told him that my name is Earthquake, but he always leaves out the Earth, being a man who feels somewhat above his business.

"Ah! Mr. Quake, how do? Come out to see the 'Jamboree?'"

"I am here for that purpose, George. When does the drill take place?"

"Donno."

"Is there to be any speaking?"

"Donno."

"Who *does* know?"

"Donno. De fac' am, us colored folks is quite dispinted at de way in which de 'Jamboree' am managed. Dere don't 'pear to be any one to take de lead; eberyting's mixed up ebery which way, and nobody knows nuffin, except pay your twenty five cents, and get your money's worth as well as you know how. Dam shame. Acquainted with any of de ladies on de ground?"

"No, I have not that honor."

"Tell you what, Mr. Quake, if you feel like dancin', I'll procure you a partner."

"Thank you, George, but I'm not over fond of exercise. My friend, here, however, may be disposed to avail himself of your kindness."

"What say, sah?" demanded the barber, turning to my companion.

"I have weakness for shaking the light fantastic toe, but wouldn't it—hem—appear rather strange?"

"Not at all, sah, not at all. Step this way, sah!"

Poor Pumblechook was accordingly marched off in the clutches of the unrelenting George, and presently, to my intense delight, I saw the ceremony of introduction taking place between him and an uncommonly attractive colored girl. My friend's bow and smile were evidently not thrown away on the dusky nymph, for she testified her pleasure at making his acquaintance by displaying all the ivory in which the pugilists would call her "potato trap," and rolling up the white of her eyes in a manner alarming to behold. Pumblechook, however, did not seem in the least intimidated, and the next moment he was whirling her around the tent, to the entrancing music of the consumptive band. I can never forget that scene while memory "holds its seat in this distracted globe." Oh, it was rich, to see the confiding innocence with which her head rested on Pumblechook's stalwart shoulder, and mark the grin of triumphant vanity with which she gazed up into his face. The rogue himself appeared to be perfectly satisfied with "the situation," and, in whisking his lovely charge past the spot where I was seated, favored me with a peculiar smile, as much as to say, "Wouldn't you like to be in my place, my boy?"

All things must have an end, and one cannot waltz forever, even with a colored lady for a partner. Pumblechook rejoined me at length, looking rather fagged out, and using his pocket handkerchief vigorously.

"Well, Pum," I inquired, "what do you think of the African belles?"

"Oh, good enough occasionally, but as to taking them for a steady thing—come let's lager, and say no more about it. Not that way, not to Backanhacker's—he'll want to take my portrait. Curse his insolence."

We soon reached a place weere the sparkling liquid was sold, narrowly escaping on the way from being knocked over by two imps of darkness, who were riding through the Park at a terrific rate of speed, and apparently indifferent to the safety of others or themselves. Put a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil. Put a nigger on horseback, and you may bet he wont be much behind the beggar. Try the experiment, but don't risk a nag worth more than five dollars.

But I fear I am taking too much of the CLIPPER's valuable space, and I will therefore "wind up," although I would like to acquaint the reader with many other incidents and accidents of the "Emancipation Jubilee;" how Pumblechook, under the influence of lager, preached a temperance sermon to the admiring darkies, and how he made violent love to a damsel he found sitting behind a tree, who called on her brother for protection, and how the brother was going to annihilate Pumblechook, and Pumblechook would have "wiped out" the brother, had it not been for the presence of the lady. The details of these exciting affairs must be omitted, as also an account of the ride home, during which a young lady invited me to attend a "Bush Meeting" of the colored folks, to be held soon at Islip, L. I. I intend to be there. So does Pumblechook, and some of these days I may tell the reader all about the "Bush Meeting," who were "bushed," and who "bushed" them. Then, fare ye well.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MR. JAMES ROBINSON,

THE GREAT EQUESTRIAN.

THIS well-known equestrian was born in Boston, Mass., in 1835. When only nine years of age, he was apprenticed to John Gossin, the clown, then attached to Rockwell and Stone's travelling circus. Jimmy joined the saw-dust show at St. John's, N. B., he being at that time on a visit to some of his relatives. He remained with Mr. Gossin two years, during which period he went into the ring for general utility business, such as leaping, tumbling, etc. In the spring of 1846, he was indentured to John Robinson, the western circus manager, and remained with that gentleman nine years, serving a good apprenticeship in the business. He began at the lowest round of the ladder, and worked his way up until he has reached its very summit. While with Mr. Robinson, he was the second and the smallest boy that ever turned a somersault on horseback. When he left Mr. John Robinson, he was one of the best equestrians in the business, and Mr. Robinson, Sen., may well feel proud of his pupil. Leaving his master, he joined Messrs. Spalding and Rogers' Circus in 1856, and travelled with that party through the east and the south. His fame had now become world-wide, and his services were sought for by many managers in this and the old country. He was secured by Messrs. Howes and Cushing for Europe, and in 1859 he crossed the Atlantic. He first appeared in Liverpool, and he was the lion of the old world. Howes and Cushing's Circus then made a tour over the Continent, with Mr. Robinson as their principal card. Leaving that party, he visited London, and was engaged by Cooke for Astley's, where he created a great sensation. At the termination of this engagement, he rejoined the Howes and Cushing party, and made his *debut* at the opening of the Alhambra Palace, London. There

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Patterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 50 cents. Address I. D. J. SWEET, CLIPPER OFFICE, 18-tf No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

G. W. FOSTER, Warren, Pa.—How about your challenge to "Express?" We have been expecting the analysis for some time. Several of our correspondents wish to see it decided, as there appears to be different opinions about the position.

A. J. F., Geneva, N. Y.—1. Both of your positions will appear; we neglected to acknowledge the first one received. 2. The position you mention is virtually the same as Drummond's 10th; removing the two men does not change it. He might with the same propriety change Sturges' first position two moves, and call it original. 3. The CLIPPER is the Draught players' organ of America, and is the best medium through which a person may learn and improve at the game of Draughts. 4. Other works may have more variations, but Anderson is the most reliable. 5. Mr. E. Northrop, Elyria, Ohio, is a fine player, without any doubt.

ISAAC H. TURRELL.—Book sent.

Solution of Position No. 17, Vol. XII.

BY M. L. B.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1.. 2 to 7	11 to 2	4.. 5 to 21	26 to 17
2..25 22	4 11	5..21 32, and wins.	
3.. 9 6	2 9		

Solution of Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

1..28 to 24	20 to 27
2..25 22, and wins.	

Game No. 19--Vol. XII.

TWENTIETH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.	Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 17	12.. 3 to 7	31 to 27
2.. 9 13	24 20	13.. 1 5	27 23
3..13 22	25 11	14..17 21	32 28
4.. 8 15	21 17	15.. 5 9	22 17
5.. 5 9	17 13	16.. 9 14	26 22
6.. 9 14	29 25	17..14 18	23 14
7.. 4 8	25 22	18..11 16	20 11
8.. 8 11	28(a) 24	19.. 7 23	14 7
9 14 18(b)	23 14	20.. 2 11	17 14
10..10 17	27 23	21..11 16	24 20
11.. 7 10	23 19	22..16 19	14(c) 10

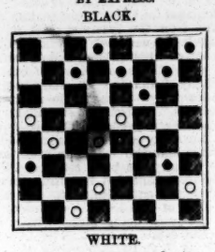
Wylie won.

(a) This move was a "stunner" for Martins.
(b) The losing move.
(c) No author treats of this style of opening the game.

Position No. 17.--Vol. XII.

BY EXPRESS.

BLACK.



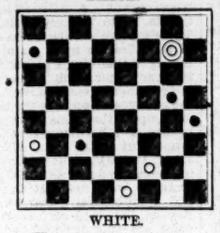
WHITE.

White to move and win.

Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

JOHN SCHLESINGER.—A "Book of the World's Congress Tourney," with history, games and Problems complete, has been published in England, but whether it can be found in this country we cannot say—if so, only at a most ruinous price.

JAS. C. WARNER, Bristol, Pa.—Yours with enclosure thankfully received. That 3d Problem has not yet appeared; an abundance of favors makes us sometimes *seem* neglectful, but none are overlooked or forgotten. One copy of the *Press* has reached us, thank you for the promise. We are not in condition, at present, to accept the office you suggest.

Enigma No. 441.

"A Subtlety for the Scientific."

From the "Chess Player's Chronicle."

BY HERR KLING.

at Q sq, K Kt 6, K Kt 3, Q B 2d.

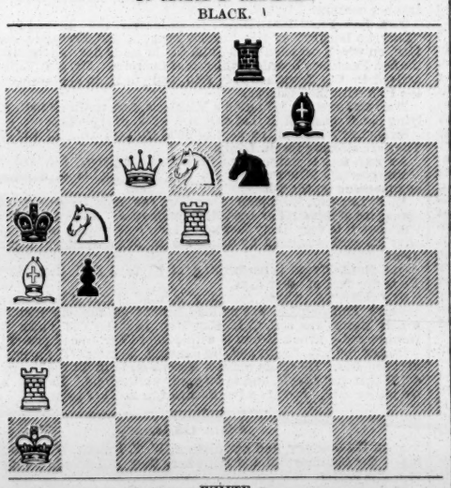
at his B 8, K R 7, K R 8, Q R 2, Q B 6, K Kt 7th.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in thirteen moves.

Problem No. 441.

BY GEORGE E. CARPENTER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in eleven moves.

Game No. 441.

Skirmish played some years since in Harvard University between a young amateur and our contributor Dr. C——.

FALKBEER-LEDERER COUNTER-GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. J——.	Defence, Dr. C——.	Attack, Mr. J——.	Defence, Dr. C——.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..Q × Q P	Q to K 2 +
2..P-K B 4	P-Q 4	12..K Kt-K 3	K R-Q sq
3..K P × P	P-K 5	13..Q-K Kt 3	Q Kt-Q 2
4..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	14..Q B-Q 2	Q Kt-his 3
5..K B-Kt 5 +	P-Q B 3	15..K B-Q 3	Q R-Kt sq
6..Q 2d P × P	Kt P × P	16..Castles, Q R	K B-B 6 (b)
7..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	17..Q Kt-home	B × Kt P +
8..Q-K 2	Castles (a)	18..K × K B	Q Kt-R 5 +
9..P-Q 3	Q B-Kt 5	19..K-Q R sq	Q-her Kt 2, and the Defence wins.
10..Q-K B sq	K P × P		

(a) Well and forcefully played, and correctly timed.
(b) A proper sequel to the previous move; this, the winning combination, is decidedly *piquant* and amusing.

An instructive little *partie* between Herren Mayet and Von der Lasa.—*Era.*

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

C. Mayet.	Von der Lasa.	C. Mayet.	Von der Lasa.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..Q B × Kt	Q × Q B
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	13..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q 3
3..K B-B 4	P-K B 4 (c)	14..Q Kt-Q sq	P-Q 6
4..Q-K 2 (d)	B P × P (c)	15..Q R-B sq	Q B-B 4
5..Q-R 5 +	P-K Kt 3	16..P-K R 4	Castles
6..Q-R 5 +	Q-K 2	17..P-Q B 5	K B-R 3
7..Q × K R	K Kt-B 3	18..Q × Q R +	K × Q
8..P-Q Kt 4	P-Q 4	19..K Kt-R 3	Q B × Kt
9..Q B-Kt 2	Q Kt-Q 2	20..K R × B	P-K B 6
10..K B-Kt 3	P-Q B 3	21..Q Kt-K 3	K B × Kt
11..P-Q B 4	Q Kt-K 4	22..Q P × B	Q-Kt 7, and the Defence wins.

(c) Both Lopez and Gianutio made mention of this move; and it was recommended by Del Rio and Philidor. Jamisch gives an exhaustive analysis, which seems to prove that the Defence obtains a slight advantage in position. Finally, Loewenthal pronounces that the move may be adopted with perfect safety.
(d) Philidor pronounces this best. P takes P would be bad, as has been fully demonstrated by Heydebrandt. *Handbuch*, 6d *Ed.*, *p.* 378.
(e) 4..Q to K R 5th + would, perhaps, have been better.

A HARD FIT.—Some twenty or thirty years ago, Old Phleg, up in Madison county, was telling his friend Jones concerning a fight. Phleg had very little education, but Jones was a man of right smart reading. So Phleg went on telling that they "fit and fit." "And," says Jones, with a knowing look, "did they keep on fittin?" Old Phleg drew himself up, and looking sour as buttermilk into Jones' face, said: "You're mighty precise about langwige—fout, then, blast you!"

BALL PLAY.

BASE BALL AT WORCESTER ON REGATTA DAY—HARVARD VS. WILLIAMS.—Some time since a challenge was sent by the '66 Club of Harvard to the Piedmont of '65 Williams, to play at Worcester on the day of the regatta, July 29th. The Williams' boys promptly sent back their acceptance of the same, and prepared for the contest, though they had the biennial examination, the bugbear of students, on their hands, and expected nothing but defeat. The Harvard nine was well known, having defeated Brown and Boudoin Colleges, and only been beaten by the crack Lowell Club, of Boston. Besides, they had upward of one hundred men to pick from, while Williams had but forty. The truth of the glorious uncertainty of ball playing was to be shown again, however. The Piedmont Club went on to Springfield with their class Thursday, had the customary biennial supper at that place, and took the Friday morning train for Worcester. The clubs both came on the ground in uniform: the Harvard nine in blue pants, white shirts trimmed with red, and red and white caps; the Williams nine in blue pants, white shirts trimmed with blue, and white cap with blue trimmings. The ground had been newly laid and was not in very good condition. Harvard took the bat and was able to make but one run, Flagg being finely put out at home base by Delano. The loose throwing of the Williams' nine somewhat amused the Harvard men, who counted on an easy victory for their champions. But the first innings of the other side seemed to make the prospect a little doubtful, Williams scoring six runs. The innings after this were quite even till the fifth, in which Harvard made six runs, thus tieing the score, 9 to 9. The sixth and seventh innings were both blind on each side, and so was the Harvard's eighth. On the Williams' eighth, however, Tracy stole his home base, giving Williams the lead. Harvard again in the ninth innings failed to trouble the scorers, Day taking two fly catches splendidly. Williams ended the game by making two more runs, the score standing 12 to 9. It should be said that the Williams' nine were all sophomores, while Harvard had two freshmen and one junior. The playing was very good, especially in the pitching. Whitman sent in very swift and effective balls as the score abundantly shows, Harvard being credited with five blind innings. Delano caught beautifully, he and Day doing the fly-catching in style. Day held the balls sent to him every time. Clark, a splendid player, had very little opportunity to distinguish himself, but attended to all balls that came near him. Tracy and Wheeler were most successful at the bat. On the Harvard side, Wright pitched excellently, Williams having four blank innings recorded. Flagg's catching was good, though he failed to attend to the bases. Barker, at first base, held every ball sent him, and Parker's short-stopping was highly praised. The fielders on either side had much to do. Wright was the only one who did much run-getting, though others batted well. The umpire performed his duties so as to satisfy all. With cheers for each other, for their Colleges, the umpire, and the people of Worcester, the match terminated. We append the score:—

BATTING.

HARVARD.	H.	L.	B.	WILLIAMS.	H.	L.	B.
Wright, p.	3		3	Whitman, p.	4		1
Banker, 1st b.	3		1	Wheeler, s s.	2		3
Flagg, c.	3		1	Whipple, r f.	3		1
Stearns, l f.	2		1	Day, 2d b.	3		2
Greeneaf, 2d b.	3		1	Davis, l f.	5		0
Tiffany, 3d b.	4		0	Delano, c.	3		1
Parker, s s.	2		1	Joe Tracy, c f.	1		3
Abercrombie, c f.	3		0	Clark, 1st b.	2		1
Harris, r f.	4		1	Hallock, 3d b.	4		0
Total	9			Total	12		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Harvard	1	1	0	1	6	0	0	0	0	—9
Williams	6	0	1	2	0	0	0	1	2	—12

Umpire—John A. Lowell, of Bowdoin club, Boston.
Scorers—Messrs. Durfee, of Williams, and Brooks, of Harvard.
Passed balls—Delano, 4; Flagg, 6.
Struck out—Abercrombie, 1; Tiffany, 1; Wheeler, 1.
Fly catches made—Wright, 1; Banker, 1; Flagg, 1; Parker, 2—total, 5. Day, 6; Delano, 5—total, 11.
Put out on foul balls—Harvard, 8 times; Williams, 4 times.
Put out at first base—Harvard, 5 times; Williams, 11 times.
Time of game—two hours and thirty-five minutes.

ATLANTIC VS. STAR.—Some two or three thousand people were collected on the Star ground, South Brooklyn, on Saturday, July 30th, to witness the first game between the two clubs this season, and the first fly game, club vs. club, the Atlantics have ever been engaged in. They estimated the Stars high enough to bring out their strongest team, with one exception, Galvin being absent; but Sprague filled his place and played in style. The Stars had a first-class team out on the occasion, the right men being in the right places, and in the early part of the game played well up to their mark in the field, but not in batting. They excelled the Atlantics in fly catching, as the score shows, but were beaten by the batting of their opponents. At the close of the third innings the Stars had the lead by a score of 7 to 6, but on the two following innings the Atlantics went in for their winning dash, and settled the question of the victory by a score of 13 runs, the totals at the close of the fifth innings being 19 to 9 in their favor. In the last four innings they added 16 to their score, while the Stars only secured 9. Of the play on the occasion, on the Star side, the pitching of Kelly and catching of Norton was note-worthy for excellence, as was the base playing of Kip. In batting, Mitchell led the score, and he also made the most fly-catches. On the Atlantic side Pearce took the lead in taking fly balls, Start doing the best batting. The rulings of the umpire were satisfactory throughout. We append a full score:—

BATTING.

ATLANTIC.	H.	L.	B.	STAR.	H.	L.	B.
Pearce, c	2		5	Mitchell, r f.	1		4
C Smith, 3d b.	3		5	Lennon, 1st b.	4		0
Crane, 2d b.	3		4	Flanders, s s	1		3
Pratt, p.	4		3	Morris, l f.	3		2
Chapman, l f.	3		4	Kip, 2d b.	4		1
Start, 1st b.	1		5	Worth, c f.	4		1
P O'Brien, c f.	4		3	McDiarmed, 3d b.	5		1
S Smith, r f.	4		2	Norton, c.	3		2
Sprague, s s	3		4	Kelly, p.	2		2
Total	35			Total	16		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	2	0	4	7	6	0	2	7	7	—35
Star	2	5	0	2	0	2	3	2	0	—16

Passed balls—Norton, 4; Chapman, 8; Pearce, 3.
Home runs—Chapman, 1; Start, 1; O'Brien, 2; Norton, 1.
Fly catches missed—Chapman, 1; O'Brien, 2; Morris, 3; Worth, 1; Mitchell, 1; McDiarmed, 1; Flanders, 2.
Run out—Crane, by Kip; Chapman, by McDiarmed, and S. Smith, by Kip.
Fly catches made—Pearce, 5; C. Smith, 1; Pratt, 1; Chapman, 2; S. Smith, 1; O'Brien, 1; Sprague, 1—total, 12. Mitchell, 4; Lennon, 2; Kip, 1; Worth, 2; McDiarmed, 1; Norton, 2; Kelly, 1—total, 13.
Put out on foul balls—Atlantic, twice; Star, 6 times.
Time of game—two hours and fifteen minutes.
Umpire—Mr. Colyer, of the Empire club.
Scorers—Messrs. Bouton and Henry.
A fine treble play was made by Kip at second base. He took a line ball on the fly in handsome style, put out the player at second base and passed the ball to first base to get the player running back out.

ENTERPRISE VS. EMPIRE.—The match between these clubs played at Bedford on August 2d, resulted in a victory for the Empire, by a score of 18 to 13, in a full game of two hours and thirty-five minutes duration. It was the first game the two clubs had ever played together. We append the score:—

BATTING.

ENTERPRISE.	H.	L.	B.	EMPIRE.	H.	L.	B.
W Murtha	3		0	Dr Bell, p.	4		1
Cassidy, c f.	4		1	Sebring, r f.	2		3
Leland, l f.	1		3	Wilson, 2d b.	3		3
W Cornwell, c.	2		3	Westervelt, 3d b.	3		3
Flynn, 1st b.	3		2	Miller, 1st b.	3		1
Clarke, s s.	4		1	Reeves, l f.	3		1
Oakley, 2d b.	3		1	Jewett, s s.	1		3
R Cornwell, r f.	4		0	Ward, c f.	4		1
Connorton, 3d b.	3		2	Ryder c.	4		2
Total	13			Total	18		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Enterprise	2	0	0	2	1	2	4	0	2	—13
Empire	4	2	1	5	0	0	1	5	0	—18

Umpire—Mr. Chapman, of the Atlantic club.
Scorers—Messrs. Ludlow and Bowman.

GOTHAM VS. EMPIRE.—These clubs played together at Hoboken on the 26th ult., the result being as follows:—

BATTING.

GOTHAM.	H.	L.	B.	EMPIRE.	H.	L.	B.
Beadle, 1st b.	4		2	Ryder.	4		1
Stokem, c f.	2		3	Dr Bell.	5		1
G Wright, c.	3		3	Reeves.	2		2
Cohen, l f.	3		2	Wilson.	3		2
Thorne, p.	6		1	Westervelt.	3		2
Gedney, 2d b.	1		5	Ward.	3		1
H Wright, 3d b.	2		4	Jewett.	3		1
Brien, r f.	3		1	Miller	2		2
Squires, s s	3		1	Sebring	2		2
Total	22			Total	13		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Gotham	5	7	0	3	0	0	2	3	2	—22
Empire	0	1	0	6	1	2	3	0	0	—13

Umpire—Mr. Harris, of the Mutual club.
Time of game—three hours.

MCCLELLAN VS. MATTANI.—An interesting game was played on the Atlantic grounds, Gates avenue, East Brooklyn, August 4th, in presence of a large assemblage of spectators, between the McClellan and Mattani clubs. Below is the score:—

BATTING.

MCCLELLAN.	H.	L.	B.	MATTANI.	H.	L.	B.
John Kenny, 2d b.	2		6	Baker, c.	1		8
Dalton, r f.	7		2	McCray, p.	2		3
McCaffrey, l f.	1		6	Potts, 1st b.	2		3
Burke, p.	3		5	Brower, 2d b.	4		2
McDonald, 1st b.	3		4	Roach, 3d b.	2		3
James Kenny, c.	2		5	Miles, s s.	3		3
Secor, s s.	3		5	Ward, l f.	4		1
Cook, 3d b.	1		7	Forker, c f.	4		2
Burns, c f.	5		2	Lowery, r f.	5		1
Total	42			Total	24		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
McClellan	15	6	1	4	0	9	4	2	1	—42
Mattani	4	4	8	2	0	0	1	3	2	—24

Scorers—Messrs. R. G. Martin and Wm. N. Morrison.
Umpire—James Conlin, of the Burnside club.
Home runs—John Kenny, 2; McDonald, 1; James Kenny, 1; Secor, 1; McCray, 1.
Time of game—three hours and twenty-seven minutes.

The Frontier and McClellan ball clubs played a match on the 3d inst., which the former won by a score of 31 to 14.

ORIENTAL VS. MONTAUK.—The first named club defeated the latter in a game at base ball at Hoboken on the 4th inst., by the long score of 62 to 7. Seven innings only were played.

GAMBLING AT SARATOGA.

Folly and Pleasure Hand in Hand.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Saratoga, says gambling is carried on there at a fearful rate. Thousands change hands daily, and the young men, soldiers home from the war with their pay in their pockets, young Californians and old men, are infatuated, and the betting is high. Near the United States Hotel is a large double brick house. All is quiet around it. Men go in as if to a sacrifice. No sound issues from the dwelling. It is kept by Morrissey, and is, out of New York, the largest gambling house in the country. It is kept in style. All the machinery is well adjusted, well oiled, and moves without friction. The table is elegant, and costly viands and wines are spread in profusion. It bears the name of the "Club House," and many public men who hold the repute and life of men in their hands are said to board there. But thousands are lost and won within that quiet retreat. Morrissey can be seen at any time at the United States Hotel, dressed in style, an athletic, powerful man, quiet and of few words. He came to New York in 1852, from Troy. He came to whip Bill Poole and his party, to whom he bore a deadly hate. He was engaged to protect the ballot boxes in a ward election. He then arranged the fight with Sullivan, and became the champion of the fancy. He has made money (is said to be worth $200,000), is a great stock operator, and keeps several of the largest gambling houses in the city of New York. He is a steady man now, drinks nothing, and does not gamble himself. He has a lease of the race track for the races, and brings up at his own expense detectives from New York, to keep pickpockets away and preserve good order. All around this "Club House" are gambling tables, all open to the eye. A room is selected, a small semi-circular table bound with green baize, tokens to represent coin, four men to run the machine, all the dupes that can be induced to sit down, with about ten or twenty who play against the bank, but all really in the ring, with an apparent fairness in the mode, but so conducted that in nine chances out of ten the bank must win and the person lose. Here, from early morn, all the day long, till the small hours that tell that midnight has gone, men sit and squander money and character. Scarcely a word is spoken, and all that is in a subdued tone, and the game runs on carrying untold wealth into the till of the bank, and despair into the heart and frenzy into the eye of the loser. Clerks, sons of noble mothers, officers who have fought bravely for the nation, young husbands and fathers, are daily carried over this moral cataract of Niagara and are seen no more. Besides these, it has become fashionable to form clubs of wealthy men, and go to a room from which all are excluded who are not invited, and have a great game of cards, with the small stake of twenty-five or fifty dollars to give piquancy to the game. These men do not want money, but the excitement of the chance they seek, and some go out from these scenes to deeper play.

In August there will be a raid of sportsmen in this place to attend on the races. This has now become a fixed institution of the Springs, and sporting men are to be catered for, and unusual attractions are held out to them. The politicians are also to hold important meetings here in the early part of August. The great parties are all to be represented by the central committees, leading members of which are already on the ground.

The billiard saloon that connects with the Union is one of the largest in the land. It has sixteen tables of the newest combinations, and is run day and night. Billiards are taking the place of bowling, and arrangements are being made to have a room in which ladies and gentlemen can go in companies, as they formerly did to the bowling saloons. Indeed, most of the gentlemen who formerly were found in the alleys can be seen at this immense saloon in the morning. The man who runs this establishment is a curiosity in his way. He is well on to sixty years old, has quite a number of stores, and employs women for ten miles round, making "Indianwork"—baskets, bows, arrows, &c.—which he sells for Indian manufacture. He has a dozen irons in the fire, and keeps a smart look-out that none of them burn.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

Woe! for my vine-clad home!
That it should ever be so dark to me,
With its bright threshold, and its whispering woe;
That I should ever come,
Fearing the echo of a lonely tread,
Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead!

Lead on! my orphan boy!
Thy home is not so desolate to thee,
And the low shiver in the linden tree
May bring to them a joy;
But oh! how dark is the bright home before thee,
To her, who with a joyous spirit bore thee!

Lead on! for thou art now
My sole remaining help. God hath spoken,
And the strong heart I leaned upon has broken:
And I have seen his brow,
The forehead of my upright one, and just,
Trod by the hoof of battle to the dust.

He will not meet thee there
Who blessed thee at the eventide, my son!
And when the shadows of the night steal on
He will not call to prayer.
The lips that melted giving thee to God,
Are in the icy keeping of the sod!

Aye, my own boy! thy sire
Is with the sleepers of the valley cast,
And the proud glory of my life hath passed
With his high glance of fire.
Woe! that the linden and the vine should bloom,
And a just man be gathered to the tomb.

OUR GAME BAG.

I DON'T DANCE.—A plain, unlettered man, from the back country, in the State of Alabama, came up to Tuscaloosa, and on the Sabbath went to church. He selected a seat in a convenient slip, and awaited patiently the assembling of the congregation. The services commenced. Presently, the music of a full toned organ burst upon his astonished ear; he had never heard one before. At the same time, the gentleman who owned the slip came up the aisle, with his wife leaning upon his arm. As he approached the door of the slip he motioned the stranger to give place to the lady. The movement he did not comprehend, and from the situation of the gentleman and lady, associated as it was, in his mind, with the music, he immediately concluded that a cotillion or French contra dance, or some other dance was intended. Rising partly from his seat, he said to him: "Excuse me, sir—excuse me, if you please, I don't dance!"

CAN'T STOP LONG.—In an obscure village in Michigan lives a decidedly original character, of the name of Lawton, commonly called "Old Lawton," for short. A very estimable man he is, no doubt, but his peculiarity is *slowness*; an earthquake couldn't start him from a walk. One morning while he was eating breakfast, his house was discoverd to be on fire on the roof, and the flames making considerable headway. No ladder was to be found on the premises, and old Lawton, putting on his hat, proceeded deliberately to one of his neighbors, who lived some little distance away, in search of one. Arriving, he knocked, and being admitted, the following conversation took place:—

"Good mo-o-o-rning', Mr. A——."
"Good-morning, Mr. Lawton. Walk in."
"Pretty cold this mornin'."
"Yes, 'tis rather frosty. Take a chair."
"Wa'al I can't stop long"—taking a seat as he spoke. "I cum to see if I could get that ladder of yourn a little while, Mr. A——. My house is on fire, and I hain't no way of gittin' onto the roof."
"Take that ladder and start, you d——n fool!" shouted Mr. A——, springing from his chair and rushing out of the house.

He and the ladder were at Mr. Lawton's before that enterprising individual had measured half the distance. The house was saved, but it wasn't old Lawton's fault.

NIGHT WORK.—When I used to tend store, at the "Regulator" in Syracuse, the old man comes round one day, and says he:—

"Boys, the one that sells the most 'twixt now and Christmas, gets a vest pattern as a present."

May be we didn't work for that vest pattern! I tell you there were some tall stories told in praise of goods just about that time; but the tallest talker and the one that had more cheek than any of us was a certain Jonah Squires, who roomed with me. He could talk a dollar out of a man's pocket when the man only intended to spend a sixpence; and the women—Lord bless you!—they just handed over their pocket-books to him, and let him lay out what he liked for them. One night Jonah woke me up with, "By Josh, old fellow, if you think that's got any cotton in it, I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from, and make him swear to his own wool! 'Twon't wear out, either—wore a pair of pants of that kind of stuff myself for five years, and they're as good now as when I first put 'em on. Take it at thirty cents, and I'll say you don't owe me anything. Eh! too dear? Well, call it twenty-eight cents. What d'ye say? Shall I tear it? All right, it's a bargain." I could feel Jonah's hands playing about the bedclothes for an instant, then rip! tear! went something or another, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and sure that Jonah had torn the sheet from top to bottom. When I woke up the next morning I found—alas! unkindest tear of all—that the back of my night shirt was split from tail to collar-band!

BOSSING IN COMPANY.—Once on a time, not long ago, not so far from Millersburg as it might be, a good-hearted man and his long-tongued, style-talking wife attended a social party. Almost every three minutes, his wife would check her husband thus: "Now, William, don't talk so loud!" "Come, William, don't lean back in the chair that way!" "Now, William, don't get noisy over there!" "Say, William, let the girls alone, and sit by me!" At last, forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the husband, who was really pitied by all in the room, arose and said: "I beg pardon of the company, but as my wife insists on being boss all the time, it is right she should have these!" and he deliberately took off his pants, handed them to her, and sat down in his boots and drawers. The company was astonished, the woman burst into tears. The unhappy couple soon went home, but neither of them wore pants. How the affair was settled we cannot tell, but the last time we saw William he had the pants on. We are inclined to think she will not again boss in company in a hurry.

A GOOD MAN.—A hoosier was called upon a stand, way out west, to testify to the character of a brother hoosier. It was as follows: "How long have you known Bill Bushwack?" "Ever since he was born." "What is his general character?" "Letter A, No. 1—'bove par a very great way." "Would you believe him on oath?" "Yes, sir-ee—on, or off, or any other way." "What, in your opinion, are his qualifications to good character?" "He is the best shot on the prairies or woods; he can shave an eye-winker off a wolf as far as a shooting-iron will carry a ball; he can drink a quart of whiskey a day, and chews tobacco like a horse!"

NOSE COMPOS.—An old Scotch trader about to die, had his friends around him to hear his last words and to express the usual sentiments of farewell attachment. His wife, who had an eye to that which is "laid up on earth," improved this pathetic occasion by desiring him to tell what *debts* were owing to him. "There's ——, who owes me five shillings for mutton." "Oh!" interjected the delighted helpmate, "to see a man at this time o' day, and just gaun to close his last account, has the use o' his faculties! Just say away, James." "Ay, an' —— ten shillings for beef." "What a pleasant thing to see a maun bein' sensible to the last! Ony mair?" "An's crown for a cow's hide." "Ay," quoth the wife, "sensible yet! Weel, James, what was't ye was gaun to say?" "Nae mair," said James; "but I am owin' Jock Tampson two pounds, in *balance* of a cow, an'——" "Hoot! toot!" quoth the wife, "he's ravin' noo—he's just demented! Dinna mind ony mair that he says!"

A FEW CONUNDRUMS.—Why are bricks like chickens? Because they must be kilned before they are fit for use. Why is an auctioneer's advertisement like a stiff breeze at sea? Because it blows about the *sales*. When is a substitute broker like a young goat asleep? When he is a kid napping.

USING HIS POOR AUNT.—Dr. T——, who is a materialist, showed one of his friends a surgical instrument ornamented with a handle carved in bone. "By the by," said he, "do you know what that handle is made of?" "Of ivory, *parbleu*." "No, you are wrong there," said the Doctor, with tears in his eyes; "that handle is *the thigh bone of my poor aunt*."

A HORSE STORY.—Near Burmuda Hundred there is a large corral, where all disabled and worn-out horses—brought there by General Sheridan, after his famous raid—are confined. The poor beasts have apparently but little of their original vigor left. That was what we thought a week or more since. Now we have changed our opinion. During the heavy firing on our right, a short time since, these lame and worn out equine warriors pricked up their ears, straightened their sore, stiff limbs, tossed their manes, formed in squadrons, and with a loud snort charged on a number of offensive mules. Two mules were instantly killed, and the others fled in the wildest disorder. The horses again formed to the music of Gilmore's artillery, and charged on a high rail fence, which they at once broke down. They did not desist from their warlike demonstrations until the artillery firing ceased.

NOT ON IT.—Some wag tells a story of an old gentleman whose eight or ten clerks bored him continually with conundrums. Going home one evening, he was stopped in front of a closed store by a countryman, who asked: "Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?" "Go to blazes with your conundrums," cried he. "I've been bored to death with 'em these three weeks!"

A VILE SLANDER.—A gallant officer in a regiment raised not a hundred miles away, who never quailed under the fire of rebel bullets, fell an easy victim to a pair of bright eyes, whose owner wore an apron, bearing the emblem of our country's flag, and who was waiting on "the boys" at a festival. The Colonel wishing to make the acquaintance of the lady, remarked: "That is a pretty apron you wear, miss." "Yes," said the maiden; this is my flag." "I have fought many a hard battle under that flag," rejoined the Colonel. "Not under this flag, sir," indignantly exclaimed the beauty, as she swept away, leaving the gallant son of Mars perfectly dumbfounded.

WHICH?—GAITER OR GARTER?—An exchange paper is jubilant over the fashion Empress Eugenie has lately set, and says her example will commend it to the good sense of all sensible women. "She, upon a recent occasion, appeared in public with skirts shortened sufficiently to display the handsome richly ornamented *garters* worn by her." A modest bachelor says that the printer has evidently made a mistake; that gaiters—not garters, is the height of this new fashion.

CANINE TALK—JIM BENT TO HARRY JENNINGS.—In relation to Jenning's challenge we are in receipt of the annexed "card":

MR. QUEEN—*Sir*: Seeing a boasting challenge of Harry Jennings's in your last week's issue to fight his man Turner, or his dog Turk for $1000 a side against anything living in the United States, give or take expenses, I have no pretensions to man fighting, but I have a twenty five pound dog I will match against any twenty five pound dog, give or take expenses, for $300 a side; or I will match my dog against Tom O'Neil's Young Spring, at the same weight he defeated Jem Gidding's Brooklyn dog, viz. 25½ pounds weight, for $200 or $300 a side, give or take expenses. Or I will fight my dog against Mike Welsh's Brooklyn dog, at 25 pounds, for $300 a side, with my young dog who has never fought for a dollar in America. An answer through the CLIPPER accompanied by a deposit will be respected.

JAMES BENT, North street, Boston.

THE SPEED OF RACE HORSES.—Sir Edward C. Dering, Bart., in a letter to the London *Times*, dated Clifford, July 8, says:—"Childers is said to have carried 9st 2lb over the Round Course at Newmarket (3 miles 4 fur. 93 yds) in 6 min. 40 sec., in 1721, he then being six years old, which is at the rate of 14 1-3d seconds per furlong; but West Australian, at Ascot, in 1854, as a four-year old, defeated Kingston (by a head only), a five-year old, running two miles four furlongs in 4 min. 27 sec., which is as nearly as possible at the rate of 13 1-3d seconds per furlong. Thus, allowing Childers his year for the extra length of the course and for the 2lb he carried above Kingston's weight, he was outdone by Kingston by one second per furlong, and by West Australian at the usual allowance for his age. I believe also that time at the present day is kept much more accurately than formerly.

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City Summary.

MONDAY, Aug. 8, '64.

"KIND WORDS can never die," says the veracious poet, and he was, in a small measure, correct. Having thus satisfactorily proven the affirmative side of the vexed question, we shall next proceed to give some well-merited advice to the players, now that they have time to read, ponder and inwardly digest whatever may be advanced for their own good, and the future well being of the public at large, although they are made for the express purpose of enlightening youthful aspirants for dramatic fame and the currency of the country, and showing them how to "set ye audience in a roar" and to "bring down ye house." To begin at the beginning, let us premise by supposing that the "poor player" is willing to hear us for his cause, and thank us for the interest we manifest in his behalf. As the season will soon open when the players will be called upon to resume their brief hour upon the stage, what time could be more appropriate than the present for the peace offering we cast before them? List, then, to the words of one who would educate the actor up to a popular and appreciative standard of excellence. In the first place, the actor should endeavor to walk, talk and laugh as much unlike nature as possible; the more unlike nature, the more artistic; and the more artistic, the more applause. Let the tyro be sure to make some uncalled for noise while the leading man is reading some exciting passage; by so doing, he calls attention to himself, lessens the chances of a star's making a hit, and draws down the applause of the gods. When on the stage with a lady, be sure to sit down before she does, especially if there is but one chair handy; it shows your charitable feelings, and places the lady in such a dilemma that she is unable to make her point. When leading a lady before the curtain, to respond to an "earnest call from a discriminating audience," be sure to slip behind "the rag" before the lady, as this will give her a chance to receive applause unshared by yourself. Pronunciation is a great accomplishment among well-bred actors. It is better for each one to exercise his own judgment in such matters. Some of the most florid actors are not always at home on the pronunciation question. Stage custom sanctions the pronunciation of such words as duty, sky, and kind, as follows: juty, skoeyi, and keeyind. Perhaps custom is right, but we prefer that the aspirant should decide for himself. A great deal may be accomplished by a proper use of the eyes, or by keeping the eyes in a "fine phrenzy rolling," as the voracious poet beautifully expresses it. When near the footlights, be sure to roll your eyes; roll 'em all the time; the audience will be sure to "see it," and come down with "deserved marks of approbation;" you may declaim in a loud and ferocious manner, but unless you roll your eyes, the grand effect is lost upon a "highly respectable and learned assemblage." In fact, roll your eyes muchly, casting them upward toward the flies. The effect is very pretty and pleasing. Always aim to secure the applause of the "boys." No matter whether the play be "Richard Third" or "Robinson Crusoe," be sure to interpolate some local gag about the trouble with our erring sisters of the South, or the price of gold; such gags are bound to take; they never fail to make the gods come down with their poor feet; a good gag, worked in anywhere, is sure to fetch 'em; so be sure to work them in early and often; remember that there can be no sacrifice too great to secure applause. Should you be cast to play an Indian part, be particular to wear patent leather boots instead of moccasins—it gives ye live Indian the semblance of civilization; in dancing the "Dance of Death," or the "Warwhoop Dance," a great point can be made by putting in a few steps from the "Lancers," "The Cure," "Active Boy," etc.; a dash or two of "Sally Come Up" and "Bob Ridley" adds greatly to the interest of the Indian dance. There is no necessity for your looking at the people on the stage—gaze at the house, talk at the house, and ignore the presence of those beside you on the boards; if your particular friends are among the audience, you can inform them by a wink or a smile that their presence is known to you; no one but your friends will notice this movement. Take care not to look at the person you are supposed to be addressing; look at your friends *all* the time, and smile at them occasionally. Do not trouble yourself over much about learning your parts; it is not really necessary that you should learn them at all; you can rely on the prompter for the most of the text; if your study is good, do not strain it or trifle with it, or overwork it by committing too much to memory. The prompter is always posted on the various characters, and as he is paid to tell the performers what to say, you should make him attend to his own business and also to your's. Nothing is more sweet or soothing to the ears of an audience than the voice of the prompter—therefore let it be heard early and often. If you are playing "heavy," or doing tragedy, let the arms be well worked up; they are as potent as the eyes; sling your arms around without stint—a little pantomime goes well, also, with a general audience; let your voice be heard outside the theatre; make Rome howl, even if you make all the children in the house bawl—its a point to get the children started; pile it on, therefore, with vim; a little "Essence of Old Virginny" may be thrown in when you are crossing the stage between some heavy passages. When you are not before the curtain, keep up a constant talk behind the scenes; it makes the little boys imagine you are a big actor, and essentially aids to the reputation of a well-ordered establishment. We have thus endeavored to instil a few valuable hints into the minds and understanding of our beloved professional friends who seek the bubble reputation at the public's mouth. By closely following the foregoing rules, and industriously circulating *cartes de visite*, our friends may be able to roll in their carriages before they are much more bald-headed. End of "Advice to the Players.....Terrible are the effects of the war upon free lunch patrons. Time was, and that at no distant day, when a smart walker could scarcely make the circuit of the free lunch route in the hours allotted; time was, also, when a professional free luncher would'nt begin to hold the many good things set before him to tempt his palate; and time was, too, when he could be sassy, and refuse to touch anything but the very best, and that too, without the expenditure of even a sixpence. Sad catastrophe! The free lunch is *nil desperandum, felo de se, non compis*, or something of that sort, and we never may look upon its like again. In a walk over the favorite route a few days since, our heart was made sad at the change which has come over the scene. To break the news gently to our readers, we may say that the free lunch is dead, the high price of liver and onions compelling a discontinuance of this favorite feature of our public saloons. How the patrons of the route exist, we cannot say; some do *not* exist. A few may be seen of a morning taking their customary walk, but they move like one "who treads alone some banquet hall deserted," of whom the poet has pathetically spoken, "Oft in the stilly night." See those two lean and lantern-jawed young men? Once they were the pride of the free lunch brigade; there was not a nook or corner devoted to lunch that they were not familiar with; they lived on the best the route afforded. Now look at them! See what a wreck they are! Time hangs heavy on their hands, and nothing sits lightly on their stomachs. Alas! they are the embodiment of the beautiful picture fancied by the poet:

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two men that eat as one."

Let us drop the curtain on this painful scene. .....The shoddies are making grand preparations for a splurge at the opera next season, and Max Maretzek intends to make them pay well for it. They are cutting up high shindies at the fashionable watering-places, spending money with a lavish hand, and putting on airs of the most ridiculous description. They are easily known from the genuine article; the two sets don't mingle one human feeling together, the shoddy and the codfish elements are as wide apart in their feelings as the North and the South; the shoddies and the coddies can never pull together in the same boat; one or the other must give way, and the decisive contest promises to take place at the Academy when the Italian opera commences. The character and status of our shoddy friends may be learned by a perusal of the following notice, which was recently posted in the corridor of one of the fashionable hotels at a well-known watering place.—"Lost, on the 2d Piassia of the New Wing A brown Middel and cherry cullered Bordered Shawl. the Finder will be Libberally rewardered by Leaving it at the offis or Room number —."....."We were about to invent a very neat and difficult problem in conundrum strategy, but the spirit of poetry guided our thoughts in another channel, and from our fluent pen escaped these—

TENDER LINES TO AN ACTRESS.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THIS CITY.

'Tis noon and the golden sunlight comes streaming across the floor,
Gilding the shadowy photographs of faces that ever of yore—
Of old and stately maidens, of cool and pleasant girls,
When the wild grass waves in the twilight to the song of the whip poor wills.

And look, yonder picture, where my painted maiden stands,
See the moonlight toy with her tresses, as it plays through the old grape vine,
Then it flies to your *noble* mansion, where the great and the noble dwell,
Then across to the *lonely* cottage where the light house keeper dwells.

But the chief of buds and blossoms that this new office of our'n contains,
From behind a desk where we sit at, from out of a gilded frame,
Where the sunlight kisses the dimples, and the moonlight hallows the brow,
Is a face of winsome gladness, a face of beauty to me now.

I have just laid down the CLIPPER, and toasted my fairy's name,
Having read of her endless triumphs, and her never-dying fame—
Oh! lady, sweet actress, if I never meet thee on earth,
May you ever wave brighter and brighter to the latest anniversary of your birth.

[illegible]
Thy image is ever near by me, thy laughter I ever can hear,
There is nothing keeping me from the [illegible], but that conquering goddess of fear.

[illegible] CLIPPER I hear of your sorrow, through the CLIPPER
[illegible] of your joy;
In fancy I'm dreaming of thou—that you're singing to your gal-
[illegible] last country boy.

There are offwers in my office bright blooming, violets and fancy blue,
Some on my desk are lying, that put me in mind of you;
I am sitting idly dreaming of the actress long ago,
And the sunlight throws on me a halo as it fitfully comes and goes.

There! That is the best we can do to-day; if the reader notices any little inconsistencies, he will please attribute them to the wanderings of a love-sick mind and a disordered stomach..... Conundrum for "young fellers:" Why is Webster's Dictionary like the bright Lexicon of youth? Because there's no such word as fale in it. Here is another for grown up people: Why is a dilapidated bed cover like our mercurial neighbor? Because it's an unreliable sheet.

AS THE PROFESSION are getting things in readiness for the approaching season, let them bear in mind that Paul DeSpotte is the theatrical wig-maker. No wardrobe is complete without a variety of wigs. Spot Paul's card in another column.

THE ACTORS' PROTECTIVE UNION held another meeting on the 4th inst., at the Cooper Institute. Mr. Davidge, chairman, having called the meeting to order, said to the ladies and gentlemen that, before he called upon the Secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting, he desired to present a few remarks in relation to the object and purpose proposed by the organization of the Actors Protective Union. He was the more desirous to do so because a small portion of the press had, either inadvertently or cause a small portion of the press had, either inadvertently or otherwise, called this agitation the Actors' Strike, than which nothing was further from the desire or intention of any member here present. The managers, when they reflected upon the justness of a request for an advance of salary, would, he was certain, considering the depreciation of the currency, at once perceive the positive necessity of such a step. He felt little or no apprehension for the result. The matter which most concerned their future welfare in the profession was to become secure as professionals from the horde of speculators who, in many parts of the country, are and have been for many years, amassing money by their labor and talent. Many present must have seen hundreds of miles, perhaps, from New York, an actor with a wife and children left destitute among strangers by some needy adventurer, worthless in name and reckless in principle, who had decoyed them there under the most brilliant promises, which he well knew it was impossible to realize. By union among themselves they would be enabled to give the death blow to all such dishonest traffickers in their time and talent. The objectors to the organization might be divided into three classes. The first, naturally enough, were the managers, who, of course, were desirous to obtain their company at the lowest figure. To these nothing could be said. The second comprised the more fortunate members of the profession, who being in receipt of large incomes, took no interest in the condition of the less fortunate than themselves. The third were those who talked learnedly upon a subject about which they were totally ignorant. Dramatic amusements had never been so lavishly patronized as they had since the outbreak of the rebellion, and yet it was difficult to extract an admission that profit has accrued therefrom. Mr. Davidge continued to say that, in relation to the profits of the managers, he wished, in imitation of the President, to say, "That reminds me of a story," and it is this:—Many years since I was a member of a company in a large manufacturing city in the north of England. Everything was prosperous, and the proprietor cleared in one season six thousand pounds. A reaction came, and his profits for the following term were only four thousand. He immediately set to work to retrench his expenses, against the advice of his stage manager, who urged the impolicy of such a step. "I have lost money," said he. "How so?" rejoined the manager. "Why, thus: you know that the season prior to the last I made six thousand; now, according to the science of commercial law, I should last year have pocketed ten thousand; only making four, I have clearly lost six." Mr. Davidge sat down amid loud applause and laughter. The Secretary (Mr. George Stoddart) read the minutes of the last meeting, which were approved, when Mr. S. Bernard spoke at length upon the necessity of unity of action, and pointed out how the fair dealing and honest managers would really be benefitted by the union. A deputation from the Workingmen's Association, numbering fifty thousand, offered to aid the society in any way, and the Chairman appointed a committee of three to attend their meeting on the following evening. Several new members were admitted; and, after the Chairman had descanted upon the unfairness of an increase of salary to every department in the theatre and withholding it from the only portion of the establishment which induces the public to visit the building, the thanks of the meeting were offered to the press for their friendly notices, and the meeting adjourned, to meet again at the same place on Thursday, the 18th inst., at three P. M.

TO HORSE! To horse! brave youth! This evening, Aug. 8th, Gates will open with his troupe at the Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery, which is now under the management of Geo. W. Thompson and P. L. Jarvis, with M. B. Pike as stage manager. Gates' party includes Miss Kate Raymond, the equestrian actress, and O. B. Collins, both of whom recently played engagements in Philadelphia and elsewhere. The bill comprises "The Border Spy," and "Jack Sheppard on Horseback," in both of which Mr. Gates' performing horse Black Bess will appear. Miss Raymond rides Bess with fearlessness, and performs the part entrusted to her with ability. The Stadt is nearly opposite the Old Bowery, and as both theatres are now in operation, the block on which they are located will present even more than its usual lively appearance.

LADY ISABEL was a woman of rare beauty and intellectual endowments; had a kind husband; and a home that should have been a little Eden to her; but she loved her husband so much that she got jealous of him, run off with another man, in a moment of frenzy, and was deserted by the villain after he had wrought her ruin. The husband was a good man; but had a secret of the nature of which he kept his wife ignorant. That's where *he* did wrong; he should have confided in his wife, told her the facts of the case, and she might have been living with him to this day. After his wife absconded, he, thinking her dead, married another woman, a sort of female fraud, and lived comparatively happy with her, to judge how men and wives live nowa-days. The dead wife turns up alive afterwards, gets employment as teacher, in disguise, in her husband's family, and the *denouement* is made very startling and effective by the disguise being thrown off, and the husband finds himself encumbered with two wives. It is an awful thing. On this thread is woven the thrilling drama of "East Lynne," which is to be produced at Niblo's, this evening, by Miss Lucille Western, and in which she will be supported by Messrs. Shewell, Nunan, Burnett, Blaisdell, Holmes, Seymour, Mrs. Skerrett, Mary Wells, etc. It will be played all the week.

"METHINKS there be six Richmonds in the field," said the bloody Duke of Gloster on the bloody field of Bosworth, but had Richard "fote" on *our* line he would have thought there were a thousand Richmonds in the field, so difficult is it to master "the situation." If "the enrolled citizens of this district" wish to learn how to get "on to Richmond," in case they are among the fortunate ones soon to be drafted to serve their country, let us "carmly" request them to go see Wood's Minstrels do it, that task being one of the features of their programme this week. It is good to go to Wood's—in addition to a pleasing entertainment, you have the opportunity to see many pretty ladies of the metrop., arrayed in gorgeous and gossimer apparel, who look so captivating as to almost seduce us from the allegiance we already owe to a bevy of beauties that we may call our own. Close of essay on "to Richmond."

BAGNOLI is said to be in town, preparing for his departure for Europe. Why we thought he *was* there already! Where did he come from, probably?

'TWAS A SATURDAY NIGHT, when all through the house the people were stirring, but "nix kum arous"—our intention in commencing this paragraph was to say that the New Bowery Theatre closed on Saturday evening, Aug. 6th, after a most successful season of nearly one year, during which time stars of all kinds have been played, from the heavy tragedy man to the very light comedy woman—every variety of Mazeppa has been exhibited, and every style of "fiery untamed steed" has been dragged forth—blue and red fire has been used as profusely as greenbacks—melo dramas and dramas not a bit mellow have come and gone in a brief circle of a few hours—spectacles have been seen here in all their beauty—even three new "Jack Sheppards" have formed the pleasure of our company during the season. Novelty and variety was the motto here, and the public have responded in the most liberal manner. Manager Lingard closes his books for the season with a large profit to his credit; he has purchased a house, been on a trip to Europe, invested some of his earnings in U. S. bonds, and has a snug sum on hand to start afresh with in the next season. Great. While closed, some very good improvements will be made in the interior of the New Bowery Theatre.

MISS MARY GANNON is getting over her "recent indisposition," and is out of bed and danger. She is among the actresses whom the New York stage could ill afford to lose. We greet you, Miss Mary—may your shadow no'er be—greater.

DAN BRYANT essayed a new part—Myles na Coppoleen, in the "Colleen Bawn"—at Wallack's, on Tuesday evening, Aug. 2d, in the presence of a large audience. Dan is fortunate in carrying with him to the theatre the many patrons of his minstrel hall, and no matter what Dan says or does, be it good, bad, stale or indifferent, he is sure to meet with the hearty applause of the *habitues*. In like manner the press support him—because he is Dan Bryant, the minstrel. This is not honest, neither can it be beneficial to Daniel's future career. They bespatter him with such fulsome praise, that the performer can arrive at no other conclusion than that he is perfect, that no more study is necessary, and that he can at once start on a starring tour all over the world, and eclipse all his "illustrious predecessors" in Irish business. In the short time Mr. Bryant has been before us on the regular dramatic boards he has been pecuniarly successful, and *apparently* artistically so; but if we had not been so well acquainted with Dan Bryant as a minstrel, do you suppose he could have come into such favor, on his merits, as an Irish comedian? We do not. As Myles, Dan was mediocre only, yet fully equal to several of the "regulars" who are supposed to have supported him; he must give the part more careful study before he can do it full justice; in some of the scenes he was clever, in others bad; it was not an equal performance by any means. It may be all very well for the manager who has the actor under engagement to praise the performance, and pat his man on the back, and say, "You've got 'em, Dan, you surpass all other Irish comedians that ever appeared on the stage," etc.; but Dan, if he intends to wipe himself off the black boards, has a reputation yet to make on the regular stage, and outside of New York he will not have the same easy road to travel, or the same friends to "cheer his young heart," that he has here. As a friend to the minstrel, (and his lamented brother Jerry, in their early career,) when friends were more needed than they are now, we feel it our duty to speak thus plainly. Let Daniel "take heed lest he fall," and then where be the "friends" that "set your table in a roar," eat your good provender, and sip your rich wines, as they do now. End of strictures and judgment on Daniel .....Mr. Bryant's engagement continues the present week, which will probably close his performances on the regular boards for the present.

IN THE LOWER part of the city Mr. Barnum has everything his own way, as far as the show business is concerned. It is not many years since that all the principal places of amusement were below Canal street; but now Barnum's Museum is the sole establishment on the Broadway line from the Battery to Canal; the theatres that were located down town have given way to the march of commerce, and nought remains to mark the old theatrical landmarks. Where dramatic temples once held sway, and ye aspiring Thespians were wont to strut and fret and imbibe, for an hour or two, now stand piles of marble, and stone, and brick, stores devoted to trade, with busy clerks selling and pilfering goods by wholesale and retail. Barnum's Museum is the only erect connecting link between the amusement edifices of the past and the present; the great showman has seen so many happy faces at his old homestead, and there are so many pleasing associations connected with his managerial career of the familiar old place, that it is no wonder he prefers to remain there instead of following in the upward train. Who is there at present in the great metropolis that has not some kindly remembrance of the old spot? Who has not been "humbugged" by the great Barnum that would not be willing to be "humbugged" again, so long as he gives a mammoth show for a small expense. Even now, when summer's sun rules the roast, the old Museum is in full play. "The Mystic Cave"—a pantomime of rare attraction—holds the stage, revealing to us the quaint and queer doings of Tony Denier and C. K. Fox, and the swift movements of G. Davenport, Mons. Grossi, M'lle Louise, and M'lle Ernestine. Mr. D. L. Morris, who does not "fite mit Sigel," also "speaks some tings mit Barnum's." A rare show is the Museum, with its almost endless variety of curiosities, both on and off the stage.

MR. GEORGE WOOD closed his theatre on the 6th, the engagement of Miss Helen Western terminating on that evening, after a series of performances which have pleased the patrons of the Broadway, and put money into the currency holders of both star and manager, all of which is pleasing to chronicle. Helen's most attractive delineation was her "French Spy," which, in spite of the opposition of certain critics, continued to draw well up to the close of the lady's engagement.....Mr. George Wood took this house when it was pretty well run down in the estimation of theatre goers; he opened with a bad company, we are sorry to say, and that was another drawback. Mr. Chanfrau came to his assistance, and brought the business up somewhat. Then came Miss Helen Western, a very pretty and pleasing actress, well-known in this city. She did a snug business, and we understand that the manager closes his experimental season with a profit in his favor, which is more than we expected he would do. The theatre will remain closed for a couple of weeks or so, and then open with a new company, and Mr. John E. Owens as the star. We learn that Miss Alice Placide Mann has been engaged by Manager Wood for the coming season.

THE EXPLOSION of earth in front of Petersburg can only be equalled in the strength of its report by the explosion of mirth at Campbell's Minstrels. In the former, however, the results of Mr. Grant's explosion were destructive and distressing, while in the latter they are instructive and a blessing, amusing instead of depressing, cheering instead of demoralizing. In Grant's performance "some one has blundered," in Campbell's every man is up to time, and up in his part, and that is why there is no failure there. The Campbell's keep going remarkably well, making rapid strides, gaining new friends at every step, and increasing in favor with each performance.....J. H. Clifford joins the party this week, and will "speak" to us every evening.....The manager has issued his *ipse dixit* about prices; he will keep at the old fare, 25 cents, and give a big show for a little money.

FRANK BROWER'S benefit, at the New Bowery, on the 3d inst., was a "jamboree" of the most enthusiastic character, the house being crowded in every part. Frank must have made enough to clear him of all future drafts.

THE OLD BOWERY, after a recess of five weeks, reopened its doors on Saturday evening, August 6th, to a regular Old Bowery audience. The house has been thoroughly renovated, and looks as neat as a row of new pins. The opening bill comprised the new drama of "Ruy Blas," the new farce of "An April Fool," and a new piece called the "Mason of Abbeville." The officials and company consist of G. L. FOX, lessee and manager; G. C. Howard, acting manager; W. Tryon, treasurer. Company—Messrs. G. L. Fox, J. B. Studley, H. Chapman, J. Flood, C. Nichols, C. Foster, N. James, W. F. Purcell, H. Johnstone, J. L. Lewis, J. Coburn, J. McCloskey, Sanford, Hill, Stickwell, Morris, Jerrold; Mesdames Harry Chapman, J. Flood, S. Wilkins: Misses R. Denvil, S. Browne, Moore, and Birchler. There are also some old favorites held in reserve, whose names are not on the bills at present. Prices—Orchestra and balcony, 50 cents; boxes, 25 cents; pit and gallery, 12 cents. The old house made a grand show on the opening night, and the manager and his company were warmly welcomed.

Dramatic.

A SIX-MONTHS' ENGAGEMENT is offered to ladies and gentlemen of ability, by Messrs. Walker and Marble, of the New Theatre, Harrisburg, Pa., in an advertisement in another column, in which will be found their address, etc.

"THE OCTOROON" had been the attraction at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, for one week, up to last advices. It was to be withdrawn to make room for the "Colleen Bawn."

AT THE METROPOLITAN, San Francisco, "Lesbia" was produced July 9th, and achieved a comparative success. It drew, it is said, better houses than the sterling old plays that immediately preceded it. Mr. J. R. Taylor's Osceola is pretty roughly handled by the press of that city. Mrs. Hayne appeared as Lesbia. On the 10th of July, for the benefit of Miss Ince, the tragedy of "Mary Stuart" was produced. Miss Emily Jordan was up for a benefit July 14th, with "Aurora Floyd" as the principal attraction.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY lately performing at Quebec, took possession of the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, C. W., Aug. 1st, and opened with "London Assurance;" Mark Smith as Sir Harcourt, C. M. Walcott, Jr., as Charles, Sol Smith, Jr., as Meddle, and Mrs. Marlow as Lady Gay. The "Ticket of Leave Man" was "up" for the 3d inst.

WILLARD'S HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, will open for the fall and winter season on the 15th inst., with the following officers and company:—Lessee and Manager, Henry Willard; Messrs. Harry Langdon, leading gentleman; G. S. Parks, juveniles; E. W. Beattie, 1st old man; C. L. Farwell, 2d old man; W. H. Collings, 1st heavies; N. D. Jones, 2d heavies; H. S. Murdock, T. C. Howard, W. H. Chester, J. H. Conner, walking, etc.; William Gomersal, 1st low comedian; J. H. Nolan, 2d low comedian; A. Johnson, Williams, J. H. Sawen, utility; J. R. Spackman; Annie Senter Langdon, leading lady; Miss Annie E. Dillingham, juveniles; Miss Anderson, walking lady; Mrs. Gomersal, 1st singing chambermaid; Mollie Newton, 2d singing chambermaid; Mrs. J. Howard Rogers, 1st old woman; Mrs. Farwell, 2d old woman; Miss Seabrook, Miss Foy, Miss E. Noy, Miss Swift, Miss Carter, Miss Gordon, &c., &c.; leader of the orchestra, Mr. John Holloway; treasurer, Isaac B. Rich (good name); assistant treasurer, W. J. Whittle; master carpenter, W. P. Prescott; gas man and engineer, John McHugh; property man, James McDonough; scenic artist, J. Howard Rogers.

F. S. CHANFRAU commences a three week's engagement at McVicker's, Chicago, August 15th. During his last week, the "Convention" meet there, which will, no doubt, be a big thing for Sir Francis. Mr. Chanfrau has had a new three-act comedy written expressly for him by Charles Gayler. It is of the "Sam" school, and Lord Dundreary is left out in the cold. Mr. T. B. DeWalden is also engaged on a new comedy for Mr. Chanfrau.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE are at Cleveland, Ohio, this week, with Manager Ellsler. They go thence to Columbus and Cincinnati.

MISS EMMA MILES, singing chambermaid, arrived in San Francisco, from New York, by the steamer of July 10th. She had not been engaged at last accounts.

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL" was in active rehearsal at the Academy of Music, San Francisco, and was announced to inaugurate the season of English Opera at that establishment. Mr. Edward Seguin had arrived, and was to appear as Devilshoof. Miss Richings was to appear as Arline, and Julia Gould as the Gipsey Queen.

L. P. BARRETT was at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, last week, opening on the last inst. as Alfred Evelyn, in "Money." Mr. Barrett is a most careful and honest student, and in ardent sympathy with his profession. He was supported by Miss Bella Vaughn. He continues the star this week, producing "Rosedale."

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and daughter closed a brilliant engagement at the Indianapolis, Ind., Theatre, July 30th. This week they are at Bangor, Me., under J. C. Myers' management. The following notice of these artists we clip from the *Gazette* of Indianapolis of July 30th:—"Last night, the occasion of the benefit of Mr. and Miss Buchanan, the great play of 'Richelieu' was presented. The house was well filled and of the audience a large portion was the 'fair sex.' Mr. Buchanan is well adapted to represent the character of the wily cavalier, Richelieu. We have never seen this difficult part rendered in a better or more truthful manner. Miss Virginia Buchanan was the beau-ideal of a true and loving wife, and through the whole play she made this character, Julia de Mortimer, a bright and exciting one. The Buchanans seem to possess an advantage over all other stars, inasmuch as they play a greater variety of characters—high comedy, low comedy, heavy tragedy, light tragedy, melo-drama, all come within their range. It seemed to be difficult to find more conscientious and faithful performers, or more polite and liberal people than the Buchanans."

MESSRS. C. M. DAVIS, W. H. Hamblin, W. Jeffries, E. M. Leslie, Misses P. Florence and E. Johnson have withdrawn from Myers' dramatic company at Bangor, Maine.

AT ELLSLER'S ATHENÆUM, Columbus, O., the season is fixed to commence on August 29th. By a card in another column it will be seen that Manager Ellsler wishes the ladies and gentlemen engaged to report there on the 25th inst.

E. M. LESLIE, recently with the J. C. Myers dramatic company, wishes an engagement as business manager, dramatist, and bill writer. See his card in another column.

THE MARTINETTI RAVEL TROUPE concluded their four week's engagement at the St. Louis Theatre on the 30th ult. Considering the season, they have done a satisfactory business.....The St. Louis will open for the regular dramatic season on the 15th inst., with Miss Helen Western as the chief attraction.

THE EVER-PLEASING spectacle of "The Seven Sisters" was produced at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on Monday evening, Aug. 1st, by J. E. McDonough, to one of the largest audiences of the season, and on Tuesday evening standing room could only be obtained. The play differs but little from its former production in that city a year ago, save the improvising of a few fresh "gags" by Mother Pluto, who is ever ready with the "items" of the day. A correspondent, speaking of the spectacle, says:—"The play as now performed possesses more attraction than any spectacle we ever saw. The audiences are not only convulsed with laughter for the entire three acts, but they behold the last scene with wonder and delight, and we must say it is beautiful in the extreme. Miss Lotta, the California favorite, who recently appeared in New York, is with McDonough, and appeared as Tartarine, the Yankee Girl, and her success was most complete. The banjo solo was quite a novel entertainment to a theatrical audience, and it was electrical in its effect; so much so that she was obliged to obey the third *encore*. She possesses a wonderful genius for eccentric comedy, and acts with a freedom and spirit which gives great life and character to all her efforts. The play is admirably adapted to her peculiar style, and affords ample scope for the full developement of her extraordinary power. We predict for her a bright future. It rests with herself to be the particular star in her line in this country. Time will mellow and refine that which now appears crude in her acting, and her latent talent will be its own monitor in the exercise of its teachings. She has the attribute for greatness, and must not be unmindful of its growth." Mr. McDonough and his "Sisters" will close on the 13th, and be followed by Mr. Chantrau.

MR. PARKER was announced in our last to commence a season at the Alexandria Theatre, the first of last week, with a pantomime troupe. We advert to it now, because, finding ourselves in error, we desire to state that it was based upon information which our correspondent considered good; this *amende* is rendered necessary, says "Thespian," because we do not wish to be a party to any design detracting from the deserved reputation of the CLIPPER as the reliable organ of theatricals.....The Alexandria Theatre opened on the 1st for three nights, including in the company the trio of comedians—C. B. Bishop, J. T. Raymond, and W. F. Sheldon—Mesdames Bishop and Muzzy, and Misses Melville, Gordon and Franklin, with T. A. Hall as stage manager. The initiatory programme consisted of Buckstone's "Married Life," and the farce of "The Young Widow;" the attendance was not large, but this did not militate against a performance in keeping with the reputation of the cast; where all exerted themselves to conduce to success, it is unnecessary to particularize. It was announced that the next evening's (2d) attraction would be "Our American Cousin."

AT WASHINGTON, Grover's Theatre continued open last week with J. H. Glenn as temporary manager. G. C. Charles and La Belle Emelie continued the attraction, supported by a company made up from the Norfolk Opera House and Grover's. Mr. Glenn's brief term is now at an end there, and he informs us he is perfectly content with the patronage bestowed since his advent. On Monday, 1st inst., the bill consisted of the drama, "Ireland and America," after which the farce, "Irish Lion," concluding with "The Dutch Actor;" in the latter Glenn appeared as Von Sphaff, the Actor, and pleased excessively. Tuesday evening, 2d inst., for Charles' benefit, was presented Brougham's drama, "Temptation, or the Irish Emigrant," with Charles as Tim O'Bryan, the farce of the "Irish Mormon," and "The Dutchman Persecuted," Glenn as Schmidt.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE commences an engagement of two weeks at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 16th inst., supported by Mr. D. Hanchett.

THE HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, was to be opened for "one night only" on the 8th inst., for a benefit to T. A. Hall, the stage manager of the establishment. The comedy of the "Man of Many Friends" was to be performed. Among the volunteers are J. T. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bishop and G. G. Spear. On the 9th inst. Mr. John T. Raymond takes a benefit at the same establishment, and on the 11th inst. a farewell benefit is to be tendered Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bishop.

THE COMPANY from the Indianapolis (Ind.) Theatre appeared at Concert Hall, Terre Haute, on the 4th inst.

THE SUCCESS of the Butler Troupe at the Boston Museum has been unequivocal from first to last. The present is the last week of their stay in that city.

THE SEASON at the Boston Museum commences on the 15th. During the vacation Manager Field has been busy in securing a good stock company, for the proof of which look over the following list: L. R. Shewell, W. H. Smith, Chas. Peters, R. F. McClannin, F. Hardenburg, Fred. Williams, J. Wilson, J. H. Ring, G. F. Ketchum, C. M. Davis, M. M. Loud, T. M. Hunter, J. Keefe, J. E. Adams, J. Peakes, M. Woolfe, J. Pitman, J. Delano; Miss Kate Reignolds, Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Miss Blanche Grey, soubrette, Miss Annie Clarke, Mrs. Fred. Williams, soubrette, Miss H. Orton, Miss M. Parker, Mrs. Hunter, Miss A. Miller, Miss Kate Weston. Leader of the orchestra, Mr. Julius Eichberg. Such a company as this admits of the production of the best comedies.

MESSRS. CLARK & MCDONALD'S management of the New Tremont Theatre, Boston, has thus far proved a successful one. The leading attraction, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has filled the house since the opening night, for two weeks. "Our American Cousin" is in active preparation. Levick is to perform Lord Dundreary.

THE GERMAN OPERA TROUPE, under Leonard Grover's management, will perform at the Boston Theatre in October.

MISS OLIVE LOGAN, who married and retired from the profession a few years ago, contemplates returning again to her former profession. She returns, it is said, with increased ability, having been for nearly a year under the instruction of her sister, Mrs. George Wood, formerly Eliza Logan, nearly all of whose characters she has studied. She has written a play in which she sustains the principal character.

MISS KATE BATEMAN will return to Europe in October, to fulfil her provincial engagements.

THE SEASON at Wood's, Chicago, was to close on the 6th inst., the "Duke's Motto" running to a close, probably. Jennie Hight's dancing in the gypsy scene is spoken of as a pleasing feature in the play by our correspondent "Claude." The fall season commences on the 29th inst.

THE PEAK FAMILY bell Ringers have possession of Wood's Theatre, Chicago, this week. They are to be followed by Heller, and he in turn by Signor Blitz.

ALADDIN is running at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, which is the only dramatic place of amusement in operation in that place.

Circuses.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF CASUALTIES IN THE CIRCUS, ETC.,
AND ALSO
A FEW FACTS ABOUT FIRST CIRCUSES IN THE UNITED STATES.
PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY AN OLD RETIRED PROFESSIONAL.

William Hunt, a vaulter, member of Purdy Brown's Circus, in New Orleans, about the year 1827, broke his neck, on Sunday night, on the vaulting board. He lived but a short time after the fall. He was the best somerset thrower of the day; was a Philadelphian by birth. Edwin Derious was a pupil of Hunt.

William Jones, a Canadian, clown for Blanchard's Circus, broke his neck in Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1828. He attempted a backward somerset from the top of the ring; the board gave way, and he dislocated his neck.

Two young men, names not remembered, broke their necks near Somerstown, Westchester county, N. Y., about the year 1826. One of them met his death on the *hay-mow*, while learning the art of somersetting; the other broke his neck in the running vaulting act—a beautiful act if well performed, but which is now obsolete. Most of the present race of equestrians are ignorant of its existence.

Orney Burns broke his neck (at practice) from the vaulting board, at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1838; he lived four days.

John Aymar broke his neck in England, while attempting to perform the treble somerset act. Aymar was from Paterson, N. J., and was an apprentice to old Turner in 1833.

Button Smith, a member of Smith's Company, in 1833, received a severe fall while riding two horses; he injured the spine of his back, but did not die until nearly a year after the fatal fall.

Patrick Whittaker fell from two horses whilst riding at Duffon's Garden, Brooklyn, about the year 1826. He died from the effects of the fall.

A Frenchman in New Orleans, in 1820 (not an equestrian), while performing on the Polander's ladder, was instantly killed in the following manner: He placed a sharp dagger in the top of the ladder (perpendicular), sharp point upwards, and then placed a silver dollar on the point of the dagger. He then *stood on his head* on the dollar, and balanced himself. The dollar slipped (as old dollars will), and the unfortunate Frenchman was instantly hurried into eternity. The poignard passed through the cranium and came out under the chin. It was a foolhardy feat; it pleased the Spaniards amazingly.

A clown by the name of McDonald was instantly killed in England, in 1832, by falling from the Polander's ladder.

There was an American clown by the name of Charles McDonald, who performed at the old Richmond Hill (when it was a large hill) about the year 1818 or '19; he was lost in the U. S. sloop of war "Hornet," off Tampico.

Henry Magilton, the acrobat, received a terrible fall from the flying trapeze, in England, a few years ago. He is now living in Philadelphia, a cripple for life.

It will be seen that *fatal* accidents are less frequent in the circus ring than in any other profession or calling—a curious fact. I have been a close observer of show incidents for the last forty years, and the above are all the *fatal* accidents I know of as having taken place in that time. No fatal accident occurred in Lailson's, Rickets', West's, or Peppin and Burchard's circuses, or Mr. Durang would have spoken of it in his "Recollections of the Stage," etc. The above circuses were the first to commence in America.

Bates had a one-horse show in Philadelphia in 1772, but Faulks, in 1771, was the first rider or equestrian that visited this continent; he rode two horses, and also a single horse act; he was considered a good rider at that period.....Pool (a mountebank circus) showed in 1785.....John B. Rickets had a regular circus in Philadelphia in 1792, at Twelfth and Market streets; afterwards at Sixth and Chest

Harrisburg. There was an article in our last about this establishment which needs explaining. In regard to advertising parties who did not appear, the fault was not with Messrs. Wells & Co. The parties were engaged, but another manager came along, offering them more salary, and they broke their engagement to go with him, of which the managers of Sanford's were not apprised until they had been advertised. Concerning the proprietors being fined for showing without a license, we are informed that one of the partners went to get out a license, but got in the wrong office, the attendants in which told him it was all right, that he could show, and they would be responsible. They did show, and were next morning fined. The managers acted in good faith, but were deceived by other parties. They intend to keep open all the coming fall and winter.

MISS ANNIE BORDWELL made a hit at the Chicago Varieties last week by her singing of the new song in honor of the lamentable Col. Mulligan. It is entitled—"Lay me Down, and Save the Flag."

OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL, Philadelphia, is now under the management of Weaver and Enochs; the rates of admission are now *five* or *ten* cents.

VERCICKE, the great gymnast, has been re-engaged at the Continental, Philadelphia.

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, is doing finely. Miss Frank Christie, Eagan and Edwards, Master Barney, Johnny Hart, H. Fitzgerald, and Mike Ward are in the company. Among those underlined are the Ronzani Ballet Troupe, M'lle Louise, the drummer girl, and Miss Nellie Taylor, vocalist.

Miscellaneous.

PROF. WOOD and Miss Jennie Wood, magician and balladist, were at Hamden, Me., on the 27th ult.

PROF. H. BABCOCK and troupe were at Brantford, C. W., last week. In the company are Master Geo. Brimacombe, contortionist; W. Dove, a d——n strong man, and Harry Everett, burnt corker. Mr. F. Popponwell left the concern at Brantford, to pop on well to Point Edward. Daniel McFarland is the business agent of the company.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE is at Buffalo three nights this week, commencing on the 8th inst.

THE FAKIR OF AVA has possession of St. James' Hall, Buffalo, all next week, commencing operations on the 15th.

GRANDFATHER PIKE'S OLD FOLKS were at Painsville, Ohio, on the 5th inst.

ALF BURNETT, the popular humorist, was at Dubuque, Iowa, on the 5th.

MR. CHAS. B. HICKS, the well-known balladist, was lying ill with hermorrhage of the lungs at Dubuque, Iowa, last week.

MAD. ANNA BISHOP was advertised to be at Detroit on the 4th inst. Mad. Bishop has had a most successful tour this season, having been up the Mississippi as far as St. Paul, Minneapolis, and St. Anthony. She is now *en route* for the Canadas, and expects to be at Chatham the first of next week. She will then stop at London, St. Thomas, Woodstock, Brantford, Hamilton, Toronto; thence to Rochester, N. Y., returning to Port Hope, Peterboro', Cobourg, Belleville, Brockville, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec.

OSSIAN E. DODGE and Wm. Hayward were part of the attractions at the great national celebration held in Salem, Oregon, on the 4th of July, and each of their songs was received with hearty cheers by the immense concourse of people there assembled. Dodge and Hayward gave their third concert in the Congregational church, Salem, Oregon, on the 4th of July, and were obliged to turn people away for want of room. The receipts of the three concerts in that town amounted, we learn, to *thirteen hundred and eighty dollars*, in gold, and as greenbacks were selling at 50 cents on the dollar, it would make them the snug little sum of *twenty-seven hundred and sixty dollars!*

OSSIAN E. DODGE and Wm. Hayward had started on their return trip through Oregon to California. They sang in the Presbyterian church, Albany, Oregon, July 5th, and in the Presbyterian church, Corrallis, on the 6th, having, it is said, the largest audiences that ever attended an entertainment in either place. This speaks well for the popularity of these vocalists, as it was their second appearance in the above town.

PARTIES in want of tights, clogs, play books, etc., are referred to an advertisement in another column.

WASHINGTON FRIEND, of Panorama renown, sailed for England on the 5th instant from Quebec, taking the Panorama along.

WHO has not heard the great extemporaneous singer make rhymes? Very few, indeed, for he has appeared in nearly all parts of the country. Well, Mr. Harrison—for he it is of whom we speak—will be open for fresh engagements after the 13th instant, and those who may wish to secure his services are referred to his advertisement in this No. of the CLIPPER. Oh! Harrison will rhyme for you, if engaged in time for you.

WHAT'S THE NEXT WORD?—Professor Barnard, magician, is performing in New York State, and was in Oneida a few days since. We have one of his bills before us, which is a curiosity in the way of outlandish words. In the first place, the Professor calls himself the American "Fakinostrator," and then proceeds to say that he will exhibit his "Zygonatical" and "Charabidal" delusions. The Barnard brothers are billed to do the "Duoviolinoptimusturustrations," whatever that may be. Guess we'll have to get up anew dictionary expressly for the show people.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

AUSTRALIAN ITEMS of theatrical and other show news may be found in the following letter from Mr. A. Nish, of Nish's Christy's Minstrels, now and for some time past in that quarter of the globe:

THEATRE ROYAL, BALLAARAT, VICTORIA, }
AUSTRALIA, May 24th, 1864. }

FRIEND FRANK:—Knowing that theatrical intelligence from abroad is always acceptable to you and your readers, allow me to send you a few items, which will, I hope, serve to give you an idea as to the state of the drama in this part of the world. In Melbourne, Barry Sullivan is now the lessee of the Theatre Royal. He has taken it in conjunction with Ambrose Kyte, Esq., the proprietor, a man of great wealth, who started as a lamplighter in Melbourne when the city was a mere village, and just prior to the discovery of the gold fields in this colony, but who, by industry and integrity, has acquired a great fortune, being at the present time one of the wealthiest men in the country. Aided by his capital, and joined to Sullivan's stage management, the Theatre Royal is in the full tide of success. The company is probably the best ever gathered together in Australia, comprising such names as Mrs. Robert Heir, Mrs. Alfred Phillips, Miss Edouin, Miss Earl, etc.; Robert Heir, Lambert, Fitzgerald, Charles Young, Stewart, Ireland, and others of equal standing in the profession. The pieces produced at the Theatre Royal are magnificently mounted, and in fact brought out in a style that would reflect credit on any theatre in the world..... Simmonds, lessee of the Haymarket (who brought Jefferson to this country), has gone through the Insolvent Court, after struggling unsuccessfully against the Theatre Royal for some time. The theatre is now occupied by the Lyster Opera Company, comprising Mme. Lucy Escott, Rosalie Durand, Georgina Hodson, Ada King, Messrs. Squires, Wharton, Beaumont, Trevor, Kitto, etc., but they are not doing much, and, I understand, intend returning to California shortly..... In Sydney, at the Victoria, Miss Cleveland has created a sensation as "Leah." Miss Annie Lockhart is also playing in Sydney; Richard Younge is the stage manager.....At the Prince of Wales, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dillon, with a fair company, are playing to indifferent business..... The great theatrical sensation of the past season has been the advent of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, who have made a great stir here. The pecuniary result must have been highly gratifying to them, the receipts in Melbourne having averaged from £1200 to £1400 sterling weekly; in Ballaarat, £1800 in nine nights; and in Bendigo, £1100 sterling in four nights. The above receipts, you will see, are something enormous, and will serve to give you an idea of the mania existing during their stay. They are now on the point of departure for California, accompanied by Mr. George Coppin, a gentleman of great talent as a comedian, and one who has held a very high position as a manager. Mr. Coppin accompanies the Keans as general business man..... Jefferson has been playing very successfully in the adjacent Colonies, and is now, I believe, rusticating for a few weeks in Tasmania..... In New Zealand, the Drama seems to be progressing. At Dunedin, Princess' Theatre, the management have been doing well; Julia Mathews was the bright particular star; she has lately married and retired from the stage. Another loss to the Drama has taken place in the marriage of Miss Rosa Dunn (daughter of John Dunn, better known in America as "Rascal Jack,") a favorite actress, late of the Theatre Royal. Miss Dunn has also retired from the profession.....At Bendigo, Castlemaine, and other towns in the Colonies, the theatres are doing a fair business with stock companies, but there is nothing of any importance regarding them to communicate.....A word to the profession: should any of the brethren design coming here under the impression that from the success of the Keans and others in the theatrical line there is a lot of money to be made, I would impress upon them that should any in the minstrel line think of coming, that there is nothing to be done, as ours is the only company in Australia; and the only thing they could do would be to go into a Concert Hall, and they are all free, and very low at that; and again, the business is in the hands of a number of professionals who have it all their own way, and a stranger has no chance. Billy West, the stump orator from the London concert halls, came out, made a failure, and went back again.....And now as regards ourselves. Since my last, we have been doing a first class business—notwithstanding the secession of Mr. J. W. Smith's infant prodigy—throughout New Zealand, thence to Sydney, when our season extended over a space of nine weeks, playing every night and Saturday afternoons. We then took a trip to Maitland, Newcastle, and other towns, for a month, and then came back to Sydney and played two nights at the Victoria Theatre, to houses crowded to suffocation. Since my last, Mr. H. Stewart, another member of the company, has seceded, laboring under the idea that he was the whole show. His place has been filled by Mr. Ed. Harvey, late of the San Francisco Minstrels, and more recently of the National, a gentleman who recently arrived from California, and who has proved a decided acquisition; in fact, the entertainment is now better than ever.....MAX Irwin arrived from California some months ago, and made a very favorable impression as a performer, but I hear he has taken to imbibing rather freely, and as a consequence has damaged his chances of success.....At present our company consists of the following: J. H. Melvyn, T. Rainford, C. Steele, A. Nish, E. Harvey, W. Vinton and H. Leslie; H. D. Wilton, Secretary; who all wish to be kindly remembered to their brother professionals. With kind regards both for self and company, I remain yours truly,

ANTHONY NISH,
Christy's Minstrels.

MR. THOS. WOOLIDGE, whose death we noticed in the CLIPPER of July 30th, was the original "Dusty Bob," who danced with Black Sal in "Tom and Jerry, or Life in London," at the Adelphi Theatre. He was closely related to the celebrated Mrs. Laura Honey.

THE NELSON SISTERS were performing at the Princess Theatre, Edinburg, July 12th.

AT THE ST. JAMES Theatre, London, a new burlesque by Burnand, under the title of "Faust and Marguerite," has been produced.

A SINGING MATCH is to come off at a Music Hall in London on the 17th inst., between James Taylor and John Blanchard. Each party to sing six songs, for the sum of £50 a side. Each party to sing what songs he may think proper—either in or out of character, and the songs to be sung alternately. The judges and referee to decide which competitor is the most original, the most truthful to nature, and the most comical.

DRURY LANE, London, opens for the season September 24th.

AT THE PRINCESS' THEATRE, London, a new drama of peculiar interest, by Boucicault, entitled "The Streets of London," was to be produced August 1st.

STELLA COLAS' last night in London for this season was July 30th, for the benefit of Mr. Ryder, at the Princess' Theatre.

FERRARI, the celebrated dancer, has been engaged for twelve nights at Spoleto, on the occasion of the opening of a new theatre in that city.

MUSIANI, the tenor, is singing at Palermo.

MADAME ECARLAT, formerly known as Mlle. Geissmar, and once a great favorite at New Orleans, has been singing "Norma" at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has given to M. Weber, a son of the composer, the large gold medal of merit for arts and sciences.

PATTI, in despair at the trouble it causes, has discarded the flaxen-haired wig of Margherita in "Faust." Miss Kellogg wisely retains it, though it costs her almost two days' work to get her hair back to its natural color after a performance of this, her best and most beautiful character.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN has made an engagement with E. T. Smith for "The Theatre Royal Astley's," London, inaugurating the season on the 26th of September, with her great delineation of "Mazeppa." The piece is to be produced in magnificent style, and everything possible will be done towards insuring the lady's success.

"THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN" was performed at the Olympic Theatre, London, on July 30, for the 367th time, and was announced to be performed until further notice.

MRS. CHARLES DILLON is playing Zoe, in the "Octoroon," at the Grecian Theatre, London.

MISS JULIA MATHEWS, who was for some time a reigning favorite on the Melbourne stage, has become Mrs. Mumford.

MR. ROBERT STODDART, Comedian, died at St. Helens, Eng., July 22d. He met his death under the following circumstances. On the previous Saturday night, in consequence of a rush at the doors of the Theatre before the time of opening, the deceased voluntarily undertook to open the doors, and as there was no other road only from the stage, he missed his footing in stepping across from the proscenium to the orchestra, and fell with all his weight against the outside rail, rupturing his liver. He plucked Jack, in *The Poor Girl's Temptation*, until nearly the conclusion of the second scene, when his brother Richard, finding that he was struggling against intensity of pain from injuries received, sent him home in a cab. He was immediately attended by Dr. Tyford's assistant, but his efforts and skill were unavailing. He died at half-past one on Monday morning. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned. The deceased was thirty-five years of age.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
THE BEST VENTILATED HALL IN THE CITY.
MONDAY, AUGUST 8,
And every evening during the week,
ON TO RICHMOND,
YOUNG EPH'S LAMENT,
THE OLD MAIDS,
GASSIPIUS,
THE BOMBARDMENT OF PETERSBURG,
DEAR MOTHER I'VE COME HOME TO EAT, &c.,
BY THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents.
NOTICE.—No connection with any traveling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 18

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.
199 and 201 BOWERY,
OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
NO RISE IN PRICES.
THE DEMOCRATIC STANDARD,
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
ALL OVER THE HOUSE.
FIRST WEEK OF
MR. J. H. CLIFFORD,
IN HIS ARTISTIC SONGS AND DANCES,
In conjunction with
BUDWORTH, DAVIS, LESLIE,
SCOTT, WHITING, NICHOTER,
BAILEY, GOULD,
and the entire of the
MASTER BAND OF THE WORLD,
in New Burlesques, Ballads, &c. 18

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Commences at 7¾; concludes at 10:30.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
THE COOLEST THEATRE IN THE CITY.
THE ILLUMINATED GARDEN OPEN EVERY EVENING.
MONDAY EVENING, Aug. 8th, 1864, by particular request, and for the first time at this Theatre, the distinguished artiste,
MISS LUCILLE WESTERN,
will appear in her very celebrated and renowned characters of LADY ISABEL AND MADAME VINE
as played by her over nine hundred times throughout the United States, with the most distinguished success, in C. W. Tayleure's thrilling drama, entitled
EAST LYNNE;
OR,
THE ELOPEMENT.
founded upon the powerful novel of the same name.
The distribution of much excellence, embracing the names of Messrs. L. R. Shewell, J. C. Nunan, J. G. Burnett, J. W. Blaisdell, E. B. Holmes, J. Seymour, Mrs. Skerrett, Mary Wells, Fisher, Florence, Everett, &c., &c.
Musical Conductor.....Harvey B. Dodworth.
Seats secured six days in advance. 18

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Lessee, Director, and Manager..... G. L. FOX.
IMMENSE SUCCESS OF THE OPENING.
BRILLIANT RECEPTION OF THE COMPANY.
MONDAY AND TUESDAY, AUG. 8 AND 9,
RUY BLAS.
The Popular American Tragedian,
Mr. J. B. Studley.....as.....Ruy Blas
Mr. J. Flood.....as.....Don Cæsar
Mr. C. Nichols.....as.....Don Sallustio
The American Tragedienne,
Miss R. Denvil.....as.....Princess Maria
Mrs. J. Flood.....as.....Casilda
AN APRIL FOOL.
The Great American Comedian and Pantomimist,
Mr. G. L. Fox.....as.....Mr. Poddles
The American Soubrette and Songstress,
Mrs. Harry Chapman.....as.....Diana
MASON OF ABBEVILLE.
The Popular Comedian and Singer,
Mr. Harry Chapman.....as.....Pope
Mr. J. McCloskey.....as.....Dumont

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TO MANAGERS.
M. B. LEAVITT, ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN,
will be at Liberty to negotiate with Managers of Minstrels and Music Halls. Business either "End," "Song and Dance" and General Business. Address M. B. LEAVITT, Clipper office. 18-1t*

"YANKEE ROBINSON," (Fayette Lodewick Robson,) Comedian, is prepared to negotiate with managers for the coming season. His repertoire of pieces is sensational, new and full of real merit. Address Chas. T. Parsloe, N. Y., or the subscriber. YANKEE ROBINSON, Desmoines, Iowa. 18-2t*

BANJO AND JIG DANCING TAUGHT BY LETTER.—On receipt of $1 I will send THREE WRITTEN LESSONS on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. Very simple and easily understood. Banjos of superior quality sent to any part of the country, from $10 upwards. Address JOHN BOGAN, 148 East Houston street, New York. 18-4t*

BALLET GIRLS WANTED--
FOR A TROUPE TO PERFORM IN THE ARMY.
Address until September 1st, stating abilities, former engagement, and enclosing carte de visite, if possible in costume.
GEO. P. SOULT, 11th Reg't N. Y. Vols.,
18-1t* 3d Brig., 3d Div., 2d Corps.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY---For a First Class Minstrel Band, now organized in one of the principal cities, a good, reliable END MAN, for a season's engagement. Address
18-1t T. ALLSTON BROWN, Clipper office.

NOTICE.--W. B. Harrison, the popular Sensation Comic Vocalist, Characteristic Delineator, and Original Extemporaneous Rhymester, will be open to an engagement after the 13th inst., or to associate himself with some first class Exhibition or Entertainment. His wardrobe for character songs is extensive. Can loan his two-sheet cuts. Address No. 5 Cornelia street, Bleecker street, New York. 18-1t*

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PITTSBURGH, PA.,
Open for the season. First class talent always wanted.
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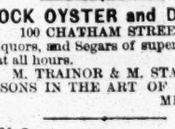
PATENT  INFALLIBLE
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Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
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Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
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"ED'S" Country Residence, "THE RUINS," Weehawken, is also open for the Summer Season. 14-3m

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WINES, LIQUORS, ALES, AND CIGARS
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CANINE SPORTS EVERY MONDAY EVENING.
The use of the pit gratis for gentlemen to try their dogs.
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Refreshments at all hours.
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No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS.....Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night.
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Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. [8-tf

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NO. 7 ROE STREET, LIVERPOOL,
Facing the entrance of St. John's Market.
The Proprietor respectfully informs his American friends that he has removed from the Talbot Hotel to the above named premises, where they will always find him on deck to give the tip on all Sporting Events, past, present and future. The New York CLIPPER, with all the American and English Sporting papers kept always on file. 8-3m* JAMES STENT.

BILLIARD HALL, No. 206 Eighth Avenue.
Five of Phelan & Collender's unsurpassable tables: the Bar well stocked and the coolest and best lighted rooms in the city.
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59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
BY ED. LOWERY.
Ed. will be happy to see his friends at his new Hotel, where the choicest Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars are kept constantly on hand; with a fine Concert every Wednesday Evening. How's your nose? 16-8t*

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11 CORN COURT, NEAR FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.
WILLIAM EVANS, PROPRIETOR.
Lodgings by the day or week. Best of viands constantly on hand. 16-4t*

"Old House at Home,"
228 STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
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The best Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars. Gloves always on hand. PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 17-3m*

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FIGHTS TO COME.

Joe Coburn vs. Jem Mace, for the Championship of the World and $2,500 a side, Tuesday, Oct. 4th, in Ireland.

SEPTEMBER 1.—Bradley vs. Dooley, $300 a side.
27.—Jack Turner vs. Jim Kerrigan, $1000 a side, at 130 lbs.

OCTOBER 6.—Mike Noonan vs. Mike Dorsey, $500 a side, catch weight.
28.—Pete Martin vs. Dooney Harris, $1000 a side, catch weight.

TIME AND PLACE OF DEPOSITING.

NOONAN VS. DORSEY.

Deposit.	*A side.*	*Place.*	*Time.*
5th	$50	Kiernan's, Baltic and Col. sts.,	Aug. 16.
6th	50	I. Lazarus', 223 Centre st.,	Aug. 23.
7th	50	Guy's Bandbox, Water st.,	Aug. 30.
8th	50	Colbert's, Houston and Crosby sts.,	Sept. 6.
9th	50	Murphy's, Col'mbia and Degraw sts.	Sept 13.
10th & last	50	H. Lazarus', 12 E. Houston st.,	Sept. 20.

To be made between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M.

HARRIS VS. MARTIN.

2d deposit of $150 a side at CLIPPER office, August 9.
3d do 200 do do do 16.
4th do 200 do do do 23.
5th do 200 do do do 30.
6th and last 100 do do October 25.

To be made by 5 P. M., except the last, which must be made between the hours of 1 and 3 P. M.

TURNER VS. KERRIGAN.

Deposit.	*A side.*	*Place.*	*Time.*
2d	$100	At the CLIPPER office,	August 18
3d	100	do do	August 23
4th	100	do do	September 2
5th	100	do do	September 12
6th & last	100	The Mariners' Home, 45 Oak street,	September 22

DOONEY HARRIS MATCHED TO FIGHT PETER MARTIN,
AT CATCH WEIGHT, FOR $2000.

Out of a multitude of challenges we have at length to announce two big matches as made for certain, viz.: Jack Turner, of Boston, and Jim Kerrigan, of New York, and Dooney Harris, of London, and Pete Martin, of Ireland. Which of the two will create the most excitement we cannot yet foretell. The origin of the present fistic duel may be traced to Peter Martin, who ever since his mill with Jim Sennett, of Philadelphia, has been dissatisfied, and anxious for another trial. This was Peter's *debut* in the P. R., and a tolerably creditable one it was for a novice, and the next time he determined to fly his kite higher, where, should he be able to pull through, it would make for him a reputation, and if he met with a repulse, but fought a good fight, then he would still occupy no mean position among the lovers of pugilistic lore. Peter is no child at match making and fully understands and appreciates the importance of his position before the sporting world—that he is a public man whose acts and words are liable to be criticised. Neither is he unknown to fame, having at one time offered to meet the gigantic Jimmy Elliott, or "Grayback," as the boys used to call him when he was knocking around the Sixth Ward, which created no little surprise, for at that time, outside of the Newark hat factories, he was comparatively unknown as a boxer, although some few had heard of him as a wrestler.

A few weeks back Martin had a very modest card in our paper, stating that he should be happy to meet Harris, providing his (Martin's) friends thought well enough of him to back him, which it appears they did, as on the 26th ult., after the Noonan exhibition, Martin put up half a century against Jem Colbert's fifty, agreeing to meet at the CLIPPER office on Tuesday, Aug. 30, between 12 and 1, P. M., and either man failing to go on with the match, to forfeit the money down. Accordingly they were on time, Martin showing up first, but the Harris party were not long behindhand, all being present over half an hour before the expiration of the hour agreed upon; and had the stakeholder been as punctual, they could have got right to work. After waiting patiently until one minute of the allotted time, Colbert counted out $100 for Harris, and Martin, who was alone, produced his $100, which were deposited in our care, it being necessary to have the stamps down before they could go on with the programme. The money up, they proceeded to biz., arguing every point with the acuity of Irish barristers; Martin, seeing that four heads were better than one, wisely considering every debatable question, taking due time to deliberate on the same, and eventually worrying through to the satisfaction of all parties. To show how stubbornly the different clauses were discussed, we have only to say that the time consumed in making the match was well nigh on to four hours, mean time, which shows that all concerned must have possessed more than an ordinary amount of Old Job's patience.

The main points in the Articles of Agreement, which were dated from July 28th, and witnessed by Jim Colbert, Mike Stanton, and the honorary Secretary of the Pugilistic Association, are as follows: Peter Martin and Dooney Harris mutually agree to fight a fair stand up fight according to the New Rules of the London Prize Ring, at catch weight, for $1000 a side, on Friday, the 26th day of October, the fight to take place in New York State, and the men to be in the ring between 7 and 9 o'clock, A. M. $150 a side are now up, and the remaining deposits must be made in the following order, all the money to be sent to the CLIPPER office: 2d deposit of $150 a side, on Tuesday, Aug. 9th; 3d deposit of $200 a side, on Tuesday, Aug. 16th; 4th deposit of $200 a side, on Tuesday, Aug. 23d; 5th deposit of $200 a side, on Tuesday, Aug. 30th; 6th and last deposit of $100 a side, on Tuesday, Oct. 25th, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, P. M., when the men shall toss for choice of ground. The other deposits have to be at the CLIPPER office by 5 o'clock, P. M., on the days specified, and either party failing to make his deposit good to forfeit the money already deposited. The men are to fight in sparables, which must not exceed three-eighths of an inch in length. There are to be two rings, an inner and an outer one, the expenses of the former to be borne by Martin and that of the latter by Harris. Umpires and referee to be chosen on the ground.

The remainder of the Articles are of the usual formula. No stakeholder has been agreed upon as yet, but we believe that will all be arranged at the next deposit, which is to be on Tuesday, Aug. 9th, when Martin, who went to Philadelphia, where he is backed from and makes his home, on the 5th inst., will be present to make his deposit good and to come to some agreement about the stakeholder.

THE RING IN POTTSVILLE.—John Bradley and Thos. Doorley drew up articles at Pottsville, Pa., agreeing to fight a regular ring fight for $200 a side, open for $300, on the 1st of September, and we are in receipt of $50. Another $100 a side must be forwarded to us by the 15th inst., and the remainder has to be put up by the 20th inst. In the articles no weight is specified, so that we must take it for granted they fight at catch weight. Bradley has the naming of the battle ground, and has to give Doorley a week's notice beforehand. Patrick Dormer and John McAtee were the witnesses. The CLIPPER to be stakeholder.

JEM KERRIGAN'S $2000 MATCH WITH JACK TURNER.

Never in all our experience have we seen a match so easily made, with both parties so sociable, agreeable, and willing to give way a little rather than disappoint the public as that between Jem Kerrigan, of the Fourth Ward, and Jack Turner of "Borston." So anxious was Kerrigan to get on that when the Turner and Geogheghan correspondence commenced, Jem, who felt sure that these two would never meet, hastened down to our office and left $100 to fight Turner should he not be able to get on with the other man. This turned out as almost every body expected, nothing came of it, and the Boston party, believing it next to impossible to come to terms with Owney, were willing to accept Kerrigan's offer to fight in the State of Vermont, and no sooner said than done, Jem's additional $400, which made $500 in all, was there to cover Turner's $500, that handsome sum being whopped up as the first deposit. To facilitate matters we communicated with Turner's backers, informing them that their money was covered, and in answer we were requested to see Kerrigan and have the articles drawn up and sent on for their approval, and after Jem had attached his autograph, together with Darbey Kelly and Ned James as witnesses, they were sent direct to Harry Jennings and in a couple of days came back, with the signature of Jack Turner attached, and Harry Jennings and J. H. Symonds as witnesses, and no alterations except a suggestion that it would be more convenient to send the money by mail or express straight to the CLIPPER office than making the deposits alternately in New York and Boston. When we showed this to Kerrigan and his side partner, Kelly, who are keeping a sailor's boarding-house at 45 Oak street and will find all the stake money between them, they agreed at once, the duplicate articles were sent on, and we have to announce that another $2000 match has been made in one week, which will make fistic matters right lively.

The substance of the Articles agreed upon are as follows:—Jem Kerrigan agrees to fight Jack Turner a fair stand up fight according to the usual rules, for $1000 a side, on Tuesday, 27th of Sept., in the State of Vermont, the exact place of fighting to be agreed upon at the last deposit. They are each to be confined to 130 lbs., and weigh between 4 and 6 on the morning of fighting. To be in the ring between 6 and 10 A. M. The men are to fight in spikes, which must not exceed ⅜ of an inch in length. The deposits, added to the $500 a side now in our possession, must be sent to the CLIPPER office every ten days in the following order: 2d of $100 a side, on the 13th of August; 3d of $100 a side, Aug. 23; 4th of $100 a side, Sept. 2; 5th of $100 a side, Sept. 12th; and last of $100, at J. Kerrigan and D. Kelly's, 45 Oak street, N. Y., Sept. 22, between the hours of 4 and 10 o'clock P. M., when the men shall agree upon the final stakeholder. The 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th deposits have to be made at our office on the days specified, or either party failing, to forfeit the money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes have to be borne by the winner. The remainder of the articles are of the usual style.

THE DOONEY HARRIS BENEFIT.—The Corinthians kept up Father Abraham's Fast day by going to the Dooney Harris sparring exhibition at Stuyvesant Institute on the 4th inst., where, we hear, he had a smashing house, notwithstanding the rain. It was a good while before Uncle Bill could get the lads started, and very late before school was dismissed; but as they were all under cover, nobody could find fault with Old Tovee. The first couple were two kids, called Drury and Carcless, who boxed each other to be sure, but we haven't heard of Johnny Loudon's engaging them for his traveling troupe. Master Goodwin, the clog dancer, now at Barnum's Museum, danced a clog hornpipe admirably. Young Reed and Den

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc. to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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wishing engagements will please address as above. None but the VERY BEST ARTISTS IN THE PROFESSION need apply. To such

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GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
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THE CELEBRATED
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THREE NEW PIECES,
together with her celebrated horse
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and is now prepared to negotiate with managers for the coming season.

Address care of Lafarge House. 13-tf

J. B. ROBERTS,
TRAGEDIAN,

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LOUIS THE ELEVENTH,
DUKE AND HIS MOTTO,
PROVOST OF BURGES,
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ETHELWOLD,
BELPHEGOR, &c., &c., &c.

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A CARD.---Mr. Charles Pope, will return from California about the 16th of August. Managers wishing to negotiate with him for Summer or Winter engagements, will please address CHAS. T. PARSLOE, or CLIPPER Office. 11-8t*

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Engagement for SIX NIGHTS ONLY of those popular artists,
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To conclude with the Great Drama in Three Acts, entitled
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ON HORSEBACK.

JACK SHEPPARD.....MISS KATE RAYMOND

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Private boxes (according to location)	$3, $4 and $5

18-1t*

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First appearance of
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Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philadelphia,
WILL OPEN MONDAY, AUG. 22d, 1864,
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Manager and Proprietor of Academy of Music, Cleveland, O.,
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Stage Manager.....DAN. W. COLLINS.

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Makes a leap to the top of the Tableau Car and couches at the feet of the GODDESS OF LIBERTY.
TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY,
AFTERNOON AND EVENING.
Commencing at 2½ and 7½ P. M.

Admission.....50 cents.
Children under twelve.....25 cents.

The company intend visiting the following places according to the dates given below:—

AUGUST.

Monday, 1st, Mount Carroll;	Tuesday, 16th, Wappelo;
Tuesday, 2d, Sterling;	Wednesday, 17th, Burlington;
Wednesday, 3d, Dixon;	Thursday, 18th, Monmouth:
Thursday, 4th, Amboy;	Friday, 19th, Galesburg;
Friday, 5th, Mendota;	Saturday, 20th, Farmington;
Saturday, 6th, Ottawa;	Monday, 22d, Peoria:
Monday, 8th, Lasalle;	Tuesday, 23d, Pekin;
Tuesday, 9th, Princeton;	Wednesday, 24, Bloomington;
Wednesday, 10th, Neponsett;	Thursday, 25th, Clinton;
Thursday, 11th, Geneseo;	Friday, 26th, Decatur:
Friday, 12th, Rock Island;	Saturday, 27th, Lincoln;
Saturday, 13th, Davenport;	Monday, 29th, Springfield.
Monday, 15th, Muscatine;	

15-4t*

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THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE AND
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with the addition of the celebrated
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The combination of the above talented family with this already extensive troupe renders the company perfect in every respect, and unequalled and unapproachable in the whole country. Besides the many features for which this favorite troupe are so singularly celebrated, the vocal and instrumental talent of the Berger Family is the wonder and admiration of all.

The press and the public have universally conceded them to be "the best show of the day." They now doubly claim the right to that proud distinction.

They are about again to visit all the principal cities of the West, and would say to their many friends in that section, that they claim to be infinitely superior to what they were on their former visit.

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L. M. W. STEERE, Agent. 16-3m

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Theatre, Portland	Aug. 15	Twelve	do
do Portsmouth	Aug. 29	Three	do
do Worcester	Sept. 1	Three	do
do Springfield	Sept. 5	Six	do
do Hartford	Sept. 12	Three	do
do New Haven	Sept. 15	Three	do

Howard Athenæum, Boston, Sept. 19....Eighteen nights.
DeBar's Theatre, St. Louis, Oct. 10....Twelve do
Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Oct. 24....Eighteen nights.
Communications to be addressed as above. 16-3t

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